• THE GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS ABOUT VIOLENCE AND INCEST IN APPALACHIA •

NOW AND THEN

The Appalachian Magazine

Center for Appalachian Studies and Services /Institute for Appalachian Affairs
East Tennessee State University

Macie Irene Lyons, 18 months, holds her second-place ribbon for the Wee Miss Covered Bridge pageant in Elizabethton, Tenn., June 1991. She is with her grandmother Irene Jones and mother Kim Lyons.

FAMILY AND COMMUNITY IN APPALACHIA

• Articles • Poetry • Photos • Reviews • Music •

$3.50

Robert Amberg

This family must take care of itself . . . there is no other shelter, nor resource, nor any love, interest, sustaining strength or comfort, so near, nor can anything happy or sorrowful that comes to anyone in this family possibly mean to those outside it what it means to those within it.

—James Agee

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, 1939

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Now and Then Magazine

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Submissions of poetry, fiction, articles, personal essays, graphics and photographs concerned with Appalachian life past and present are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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NOW AND THEN

We're planting now, but it's our children will take in the harvest.
—Wilma Dykeman
Neither Black Nor White, 1957

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Thanks for special help on this issue to Anita Leger, Tim Matheson, Steve Brown, Larry Smith and Jim Sledge.

Incest and Violence in the Mountains: Taking on the Monsters

Everyone has a theory concerning why Appalachia is such a violent place. But I recently discovered that few have spent much time verifying the assumption that the region *is* especially violent.

In investigating the incidence of domestic violence and incest in Appalachia, we did a computer search to find out what kind of studies have been done to dispel—or reinforce—the usual image of Appalachia. The on-line search librarian at East Tennessee State University, Carol Norris, tried these words in connection with Appalachia: aggression, battered women, child abuse, sexual abuse, hostility, conflict and incest. She sent us the printouts with a cover note, "Not much here." She did another search, this time using the words "crime" and "assault." That printout was even slimmer, and the librarian had attached another "Not much here" note.

Those thinking about Appalachia need more information. That is why we have taken on the monsters of the Appalachian image and devoted much of this family and community issue to the few studies that we were able to locate or compile. We present some hopeful findings and some disturbing ones.

We found that within Appalachia there are places with elevated levels of family violence, murder and incest. Peggy Cantrell's studies of domestic violence and incest reveal some disturbing conclusions (page 6). So does a report on Eastern Kentucky murder rates (page 10) first reported in the *Lexington Herald-Leader*. But, then, *Now and Then* compiled a study that shows a low incidence of both violent and property crime in cities and large towns in the region (page 11).

One thing that troubles me is the glee with which the bad news is delivered. The report in the *Lexington Herald-Leader* about high murder rates in Eastern Kentucky was reasonably balanced with theories from respected scholars such as Altina Waller and Ronald Eller. But radio and television in the region picked up only the part of the story trumpeting the high murder rates. And the *Herald-Leader* itself wasn't exactly sober as a judge in its presentation. The paper published the story on page one of the Sunday paper with a large color photo of Perry County's Commonwealth's Attorney Alva Hollon Jr. behind a desk covered with murder weapons. Lexington attorney Tony Oppegard, who had heard that the report was coming out, remarked, "You knew it was going to be on the front page because it had to do with the murder in the mountains."

But Eastern Kentucky murder rates and higher than average levels of incest and family violence that we report aren't far out of line with the rest of the United States. We live in a violent country, the most violent country in the world among nations that keep statistics. Appalachia as a whole and almost all of its component parts, fits quite well into the patterns of behavior of the rest of the nation. Even areas of Appalachia with extremely low crime rates do not compare favorably with the countries of Western Europe. Appalachia is very much a part of a larger culture.

Still, the differences between parts of Appalachia and the rest of the country do raise some disturbing issues. If rates of murder, incest and domestic violence are higher in parts of Appalachia, how is public policy addressing the increased problems? If crime rates are lower in many Appalachian cities, as they appear to be, then what can be done about the violent, lawless image of Appalachia? What can the more troubled parts of the region learn from the areas with fewer apparent problems? Have assumptions been made about the character of Appalachia based on small sections, not taking into consideration that other parts of Appalachia are quite different?

And finally, I wonder how is it that so little of the debate about the character of this region is based upon any evidence at all, that those who think about Appalachia are willing to develop endless theories about the violence and incest in this region without first determining the breadth of the issue.

The material presented in this issue is not comprehensive. There should be more. It is time to find out the scope of the problems. Then it will be time to figure out how to develop public health, education and employment efforts to improve the most dire conditions. And the debate about origins and manifestations of problems can continue on a more solid foundation.

—Pat Arnow, Editor

Archives of Appalachia

Exploding Appalachian Stereotypes: A Forever Agenda?

In Appalachian Studies, we inevitably find ourselves returning to the problem of stereotyping. As this latest issue of *Now and Then* suggests, it is practically impossible to separate stereotypes concerning Appalachian families and communities from historical actualities. There is little hard evidence to demonstrate that Appalachians are more lawless, violent or inbred than any other group of Americans, but nonetheless the familiar stereotypes continue to color perceptions of social and cultural life in this region. Though regional historians may strive to explode these prevalent misconceptions, the fact is, as the historian William H. McNeill argued in his illuminating essay *Mythihistory* (University of Chicago Press, 1986), that deeply held beliefs of this sort operate on an axiomatic level and are therefore resistant to the claims of logic or historical analysis.

Trained as a folklorist and a cultural anthropologist, I am simultaneously fascinated and dismayed by the pervasive power of stereotyped thinking. Very early in my academic career, I was taught to accept *functional* definitions of truth and reality: if a group of people *believes* something to be true, then it is *real to them*, regardless of what outsiders may think or believe. I still adhere to the basic anthropological doctrine of cultural relativism, though I find myself less and less happy with its practical social implications as I grow older. There is little comfort in the thought that people will believe what they want to believe, especially when myth and prejudice take precedence over reason and compassion, as they so often do in the course of human events.

As David Whisnant trenchantly observed in a recent issue of *Southern Changes* (Vol.13, No.2, May 1991), not all traditions are worthy of veneration and preservation. Those of us who are involved in cultural outreach activities in fields like folklore and Appalachian Studies may need to reconsider some of our own basic assumptions, particularly the notion that because a belief or practice is traditional, it is therefore necessarily good. No one is going to argue with the preservation of innocuous practices like old-time banjo picking or quilt making, but what about cock fighting or barn burning? Like individuals, cultural traditions should be evaluated on a case-by-case basis.

But by what standards, or, more to the point, by *whose* standards should cultural values and practices be judged? From the viewpoint of specific communities, even though their values and practices may be degrading or destructive to some of their members or to others? From the perspective of legally constituted authority, even though the autonomy and dignity of individuals and minority groups may be violated in the process?

There are no easy or obvious answers to these questions, nor should we expect any. If anything conclusive has emerged from our examination of Appalachian families and communities, it is that stereotyped impressions, persistent though they may be, do not begin to do justice to the diversity and dynamism of the Southern Appalachian region. Rather than being disheartened by the persistence of prejudice or overwhelmed by the irreducible complexity of our pluralistic, conflict-ridden society, we need to sustain our faith in the possibility of social justice and progress, even though it sometimes seems like what Archie Green has called a "forever agenda."

Given all of the progress that the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services has made since it was established in 1984, there are still times when I feel that CASS has taken on a "forever agenda." This past year has been filled with great successes and equally great challenges. We have received a good deal of recognition for our media and publication activities. I am particularly proud that *Now and Then* was named to the 1990 American Library Association Government Document Round Table list of notable publications and was featured in the May 15, 1991, *Library Journal*.

Despite accomplishments like this, we are nonetheless facing a new academic year filled with uncertainties and hardships. If you have not already subscribed to *Now and Then,* we need your support today more than ever. Help us keep growing by becoming a Friend of CASS. Your tax-deductible contributions will underwrite scholarly, artistic and public service projects in the heart of the Southern Appalachians. For more information on how you can help, call or write me c/o CASS, Box 191,80A, ETSU, Johnson City, TN 37614, (615) 929-5348.

—Richard Blaustein, Director

Parts of You I Take Along

You gave me reason to believe
if I would wipe the stove and wash
the dishes, and each morning put
the clean ones onto the emptied
shelves, you would vacuum the floor.
But this morning I am standing in
six inches of a kind of dirt I can't
easily account for: though clearly
there is dust and lint, and pebbles
carried in on Vibram soles, and pieces
of corn chips that snapped from
the table, and fallen bread crumbs
mixed with tiny shreds of newspaper
and cotton thread, not to mention
spider webs rolled into balls along
with roach legs and even flecks of
skin that have fallen unnoticed
from our faces and hands—there is
all this but not enough to account
for the six inches of things you've
left undone, things now sticking in
the tread of my sandals, things I
now track onto the streets and sidewalks, and into the lives of people
who will not realize they too
are cleaning up after you.

—Brian Knave

Brian Knave has a chapbook of poetry ***Fool Talking to the Full Moon*** *published by Longhand Press. He is from Johnson City, Tenn., and now lives in Davis, Calif., where he attended the University of California writing program.*

Archives of Appalachia

Neighbors and Kin

One of the distinctive traits ascribed to natives of Appalachia is a strong sense of family and kinship. Scholars have studied the role of family in rural-urban migration, feuds and political alliances, employment and land settlement. Studies also have focused on communities as clusters of families. Many scholars view Appalachia as a place where ties of kinship overshadow a sense of community, or at least where place cannot be separated from family. But the models of the Appalachian family often fail when scrutinized against reality. Are our neighbors our kin in Appalachia? That question is left to the social historian and sociologist. To the archivist falls the responsibility of collecting the materials that will tell future generations of the story of family and community life in the Appalachian mountains.

At the Archives of Appalachia our aim is to document the entire sweep of the region's past. Correspondence, photographs, minute and account books, diaries, audio and video tapes, films and institutional records are all forms of historical documentation. The materials collected include the papers of individuals as well as the records of civic, business, cultural and religious organizations. Records from labor unions, citizen's groups, schools and farms are also included. We are as pleased to acquire the diary of a sharecropper or the scrapbook of a miner as we are to receive the papers of a prominent Appalachian political or business leader. Of special interest to us are those grass roots and local self-help organizations which have labored for the betterment of life in the communities of Southern Appalachia. Through the research of these materials, the social historian can build an understanding of the relationships between individuals and groups in communities of Appalachia.

Over the past 13 years the Archives of Appalachia has collected numerous papers and photographs from families in the region. The Erlene Ledford Collection and the Abrahms Family Photographs are examples of photographic collections that depict family activities in East Tennessee. The John Fain Anderson Collection consists of scrapbooks which contain histories of families residing in Washington and Greene Counties, Tenn., during the 19th century. The Faw Family Collection focuses on the Faw and DeVault families in Northeast Tennessee.

Several other collections incude family histories which highlight the lives of settlers in East Tennessee in the 18th and 19th centuries. The Embree Family papers provide information on this Quaker family whose members established early iron works in Northeast Tennessee and published the *Emancipator*, the first abolitionist publication in the United States. The Benjamin Harrison Taylor Papers include photographs and political memorabilia of family members such as former Tennessee Governor Bob Taylor and his brother and political opponent, Alfred Taylor. The Caldwell Family Papers include papers of a farming family in Hawkins County, Tenn. The Bowman Family Papers document the history of the family of a 19th century carpenter in Washington County, Tenn. The archives also holds many other, similar groups of papers.

Archives of Appalachia

Vivian and Aurel Moyers, Dante, Va. From the Erlene Ledford Collection.

Two collections in the archives focus on the community of Bumpass Cove, Tenn. The Bumpass Cove Citizen's Group, Inc., Records contain organizational documents, correspondence and a scrapbook relating to the efforts of neighbors to stop the dumping of hazardous waste in the community. The Russell P. Rogers Tape also discusses life in Bumpass Cove and the problems in the neighborhood resulting from the waste dump.

At the Archives of Appalachia we depend on the trust and support of others if we are to continue building a collection that documents family and community life in Appalachia. To find out how to donate materials to the archives and for more information phone 615-929-4338, or write the Archives of Appalachia, Sherrod Library, Box 22,450A, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City TN 37614.

—Norma Myers, Assistant Director of Libraries for Archives and Special Collections, and Marie Tedesco, Public Service Archivist

Artifacts of life

Many of the artifacts in the Reece Museum permanent collection were donated by the early families in and around Johnson City. Along with the artifacts came information about life in the community as well as the history of the artifact and its user.

In 1768 the William Bean family settled on 400 acres of land on the north side of Boones Creek, becoming the first permanent white settlers of the territory. Their son Russell, reported to be the first child of settlers to be born in what is now known as the state of Tennessee, was born in 1769. William Bean was a gunsmith and blacksmith, and an anvil both William and son Russell used at Boones Creek, is now on exhibit in the museum's Frontier Gallery.

Also on exhibit in the Frontier Gallery is a prairie schooner which was built at Moore's Store, Va., and used to move the personal property of the Christian Wine family from Shenandoah County, Va., to Washington County, Tenn. The year was 1837, and although Christian Wine had wanted to move west into the Ohio territory, the family ties of his wife, Barbara, became the deciding factor to move south into Tennessee. The wagon was drawn by six horses and fitted with extra-large wheels to facilitate the fording of streams. The Wines traveled for two weeks, covering a distance of more than 300 miles. Records indicate the wagon overturned once, resulting in the loss of one crock of apple butter. In 1934 this wagon, as well as a loom, flax break and other artifacts from the Wine family, became part of the East Tennessee State University's museum collection. Several descendants of the family still reside in the area.

The museum's collection also contains items donated by other area families: Doak Bowman of Unicoi, Lula Carriger of Watauga Valley and Robert and Alfred Taylor of Happy Valley. The Taylor family sent both Bob and Alf to Nashville as governor; Bob also served as U.S. Senator from Tennessee; and Alf served as First District Congressman. Both had attended Buffalo Institute, now Milligan College, and both were licensed to practice law. Many tales surround this family, one of which has to do with the buggy on exhibit at the museum. This black and yellow buggy, which as been a part of our collection since 1939, was reportedly used by the Taylor brothers in their gubernatorial campaign of 1886. The story is that they rode out from their family home in Happy Valley to campaign against each other, and then rode home together in the evening, remaining friends throughout the campaign. Newspapers referred to the election debates as "The War of the Roses." Bob, the Democrat, defeated his Republican brother Alf. It should be noted Alf did serve as governor, winning election in 1920. Other tales involve the fiddling skills of Bob Taylor, and the museum collection houses one of "Fiddlin' Bob's" fiddles donated to the museum by Bob's grandson, Benjamin Harrison Taylor of Texas.

Most recently, a collection of four books concerning the life of Robert Love Taylor has been donated to the Reece's collection. Many other families have shared their treasures with us, entrusting the museum with the care and preservation of artworks and artifacts. Through donations and an active acquisitions program, the Reece Museum has more than 8,000 objects in its permanent collection. Staff members are available to assist in research projects concerning the collection. In addition, the museum has available information gathered at the time of acquisition and from subsequent research by museum staff. Contact the museum for further information at 615-929-4392.

—Margaret S. Carr, Registrar, and Blair H. White, Curator

Flannel Pajamas

"I always had a theory that if a thing served its purpose well it would be beautiful."
—Carl Sandburg

You never had a fabric in your life
worthy of your fingers. You made
leftovers, castoffs, bargins better.
Stitched each seam twice and straight.
I marvel at your craft
on something so nightly,
utility, this poor man's warmth.
Pajamas Eve would have made Adam
if she'd owned a needle.
And flannel. Pajamas
your son felt were his Christmas curse.
Pajamas and underwear, baggy boxers
you made from brown diamonds, green
squares he swore left everything
loose, falling out. He rebelled
to jockey, sleeping nude.

Your gift pajamas under the pillow
in case of cold or flu.

Five years after you died
your husband's heart squeezed,
burned. In intensive care,
he wore nothing but tubes, monitors,
a single sheet. I took him pajamas
you made, washed, line-dried, soft
with your stitching. I see you now
steady as the treadle under
your foot, under the lamp, you gliding
flannel like a landscape
over hills, down valleys,
then into a human shape.

—Ruth Moose

*Ruth Moose has published essays in the **New York Times, Newsday, Baltimore Sun** and other places. Her stories have appeared in **Atlantic Monthly, Redbook, Ohio Reivew, Prairie Schooner** and in her two collections of short stories, **The Wreath Ribbon Quilt** and **Dreaming in Color,** published by August House.*

Peggy Cantrell

Victims of their families

A psychologist investigates the incidence of family violence and incest in the region and reports disturbing findings.

When we think of violence, the word "family" does not typically come to mind. Yet, many more people in the United States are engaged in violence with family members than with strangers. Research conducted by experts on domestic violence, sociologists Richard Gelles and Murray Straus, suggests that six million American men, women and children are victims of severe physical attacks at the hands of family members each year. Gelles describes the American family as "one of our country's most violent institutions."

My first exposure to family violence was as an intern working in inner city Washington, D.C. There, many individual patients talked about fights and physical assaults between family members. I, like many other professionals, attributed such family violence to sociocultural issues like extreme poverty. I naively assumed that family violence would be less of an issue for my clients when I began my practice in rural areas of Southwest Virginia and in the small cities of Northeast Tennessee. However, I became alarmed at the violence reported to me by my clients who were in treatment for problems not directly related to such violence. Most of these incidents remained family secrets, never coming to the attention of legal or social agencies.

The professional literature was of little use. Most research focused on families who had been identified through the courts as violent or abusive. The rates of "hidden" family violence were only matters of speculation or anecdotal reports. When I read the groundbreaking studies by Gelles and Straus in the early 1980s, I wondered about the rates of family violence in the Appalachian region where I live and work.

General assumptions hold that domestic violence and incest in Appalachia exceed that of other parts of the country. However, there has been little, if any, formal research to support or refute this general belief. Of particular interest to me was violence among family members in so-called "normal" families who had not been identified by social service agencies or the courts as being violent, since these were the people with whom I worked as a psychotherapist and teacher.

My students and I initiated a series of studies, the first of which was supported by research development funds from East Tennessee State University in 1985, to investigate rates of interpersonal violence within the families of ETSU students and high school students in Southwest Virginia, as well as rates of incest in women in this geographic region.

Both locally and nationally, severe family violence is not uncommon

We used a questionnaire developed by Murray Straus in which one or more family members are asked to indicate all of the tactics used in family conflict and how often each is used. There are 20 items including verbal negotiation (discussing issues calmly, problem-solving), verbal abuse (cursing, insulting, threatening violence), physical violence (hitting with soft objects, slapping, shoving, spanking), and physical abuse (kicking, biting, hitting with a hard object or fist, beating, using a weapon). Because slapping and spanking are widely used forms of punishment, we excluded those two items from our calculations, as did the national researchers. Thus, the behaviors in the physically violent category included "throw, smash or hit something, throw something soft at the other; push, grab, or shove the other." We asked the students to include behaviors found in sibling-to-sibling, parent-to-child, father-to-mother and mother-to father conflicts.

In the first study we randomly selected 433 ETSU students from admissions rolls. The vast majority were between 18 and 20 years old, single, white, Protestant, middle or lower middle class, and reared by both biological parents.

The results showed that in this part of Appalachia, families follow national trends in violence. But there are significant points of departure. As in the national studies, the most commonly reported behaviors were verbal negotiations and verbal abuse. But we were very surprised that violent tactics were almost as common as the verbal strategies, with violence from mother to subject reported by more than 85 percent of the respondents; from father to subject by 79 percent, from mother to father by 27 percent, and from father to mother by 28

Peggy Cantrell, Ph.D, is an associate professor of psychology at East Tennessee State University where she also directs the master's program in clinical psychology. In her clinical work she specializes in psychotherapy with adult survivors of abuse and incest.

percent. National rates of between-parent violence are virtually the same as those found in our local sample. But we found that rates of parent-to-child (subject) violence are about 10 percent higher than those reported in a national study using the same questionnaire.

More disturbing are the levels of physical abuse. This category is defined as those behaviors likely to cause injury (kicking, biting, hitting with a hard object, punching with a fist, beating up, threatening or using a knife or a gun). Physical abuse was reported from mother to subject by 22 percent, from father to subject by 20 percent, from mother to father in 14 percent and from father to mother in 12 percent of the students. These figures are similar to national rates, indicating that children in about one out of five families and one in seven parent couples experience severe forms of violence. Researchers believe that the slightly higher rates of abuse by women are due to the fact that more women than men are involved in the punishment of children and that some of the violent acts towards their husbands may be in self-defense. These national and local rates draw into question the stereotypic view of woman as victim rather than perpetrator of violent interactions. Rather, these data suggest that women, as well as men, are engaging in severe forms of violence within their families.

A sizeable number of therapists are treating family members who are subjected to dangerous behaviors that would never be tolerated between strangers.

Thus, both locally and nationally, severe family violence is not uncommon. Though the local and national figures are similar on the surface, we expected our local sample rates to be lower than those reported nationally. The national studies contained more varied samples, including diverse ethnic, racial and socioeconomic groups. Racial minorities (African-American and Hispanic) and the poor are found in national studies to report higher rates of severe violence than lower-middle to middle class whites. Additionally, higher education levels are nationally associated with lower family violence rates. Finally, the presence of family networks is a factor that tends to reduce family violence. Thus, the Appalachian tradition of extended family networking should seemingly lower incidences of violence. And, our local sample composed largely of middle-class whites with at least one college level member would be expected to have lower rates than the national data. The fact that we did not find these lower rates, and in fact found some higher rates, is especially disturbing.

I looked for factors that might be correlated with, and perhaps contributing to, the physically abusive behaviors in the local college student sample. Though I examined a wide variety of factors including sex, age, religious affiliation, number of children, birth order of respondent, parents' occupation and parents' education, only a few characteristics distinguished abusive from non-abusive families. Males reported more abuse from their mothers than did female respondents. As mother's education level increased, reports of father to mother abuse decreased. But we found the highest incidence of abuse occurred when the father's education was in the lowest category (0-8 years) or the highest category (post college). This same relationship between father's education and abuse was found in reports of father to subject abuse. The increased rates of abuse when father's education is in the highest category is unique to our study. Nationally, the lower father's education, the higher rates of abuse.

The only other factors which related to current abuse dealt with hearsay reports by subjects of abuse between grandparents. We found that abuse by either maternal or paternal grandparent was related to abuse between parents and parent-to-subject. Nearly 14 percent of our sample reported abuse within either set of grandparents, higher than the national reports by about 5 percent. Abuse was nearly twice as likely in families where grandparents were reported as abusive to each other than in families without such.

Very similar findings on levels of abusive behaviors were found when a sample of 258 high school students in a rural county in Southwest Virginia served as subjects. In the high school study, we also asked respondents to identify their father's employment status. We found that this was significantly related to reports of abuse. Thirty-four percent of the unemployed group reported abuse in comparison to 19 percent when father was employed. Again, sex of the respondent being male, father's education in either extremely low or extremely high categories, and evidence of grandparent abuse were relevant factors as well.

The rates reported by our samples probably do not completely represent the level of family violence in these groups. We expected that respondents would tend to minimize rather than exaggerate family violence. Gelles concluded that his figures were probably low by 20-50 percent, and I would suspect that our subjects also underreported the violence within their own homes. Given that these reports include abuse that can cause serious injuries (including beatings and using weapons) and that legal or social services were never involved with these families, this is a substantial unreported and untreated problem.

Though dramatic differences from national data are not seen in the local statistics, the results of our work on family violence in the Appalachian region lend support to the popular conception that we may be more violent than

Americans in other regions that have similar demographic qualities. These studies represent the only known empirical test of the lore to date. Expanded studies including respondents across a broader Appalachian base are needed.

Along with family violence, incest reflects the dark side of family life. In 1989 I conducted a study of adult women from Southwest Virginia and Northeast Tennessee focusing on childhood sexual experiences, including incest. Thirty-eight percent of the 239 women participating indicated that they had had at least one incestuous sexual experience in childhood. In half of these cases, the other person involved was a brother. Uncles accounted for 27 percent of the reported incest (16 percent of the total sample) and fathers accounted for 15 percent of the cases (4 percent of the total sample).

One of the most renowned sexual abuse researchers, Diane Russell, conducted a predominantly urban West Coast study in 1983. She found that 16 percent of her total sample reported incestuous experiences. Our local sample reported incestuous contacts at more than double that rate. However, the father-daughter rates were comparable.

It is difficult to draw definitive conclusions from either the national or local data, but there is reason for serious concern. The fact that most family violence and incest go unreported means that intervention does not occur and prevention strategies are stymied.

We know that adult-child incest is among the most traumatic forms of child sexual abuse. As psychologists we see the effects in increased depression and other self-esteem and interpersonal problems in adult survivors of incest. A sizeable number of therapists are treating family members who are subjected to dangerous behaviors that would never be tolerated between strangers. Additionally, our data about grandparents' violence support the adage that "violence begets violence," so reductions in these figures are unlikely unless education and intervention do occur.

The family has long been sacred in America, and particularly in our area of Appalachia. We resist intrusions into the family and family behavior. Yet, clinical researchers such as myself believe that, until we know and accept the truth about the dark side of family life so that we can understand and improve family functioning, many individuals will be victims of their families rather than benefiting from the security and safety this institution should afford.

Of Shelters and Laws

As Peggy Cantrell found in her studies, most family violence goes unreported, even when there is a threat of serious injury. In at least one area of the problem, spouse abuse, services have developed greatly in the past 15 years. Since 1976, 47 states including all those with Appalachian areas have passed legislation to address some of the problems of abused spouses.

Shelters and effective laws can make a life and death difference to abused spouses. The *Uniform Crime Reports* published by the FBI reports that, "Among all female murder victims in 1989, 28 percent were slain by husbands or boyfriends." Retaliation by abused women is less common. "Five percent of the male victims were killed by wives or girlfriends," states the report.

According to the National Coalition Against Domestic Violence, all 50 states now have some kind of provision for funding domestic violence shelters for abused women and their children. Most of these are funded through a marriage license tax. There are some 47 shelters in West Virginia and the Appalachian portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and North Carolina.

Almost all states in the union including all those with Appalachian sections now provide a method for victims of family violence to get a temporary restraining order to protect them from abusers.

As far as other provisions of domestic violence law, some states with Appalachian areas are better than others. One provision allows police to arrest the abuser on the spot if there is reasonable cause to believe he has committed a felony. Without this provision, police must see the battering as it happens or obtain a warrant from a judge. In Appalachia, arrest without a warrant is possible under provisions of the law in North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia.

Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio have provisions for court-ordered counseling, but as Upper East Tennessee Legal Services attorney Tim Matheson points out, "the judge can order that in any state." Any state can also provide victims with written notice of their rights and available services, but in states with Appalachian areas, only Kentucky, Ohio and South Carolina require this.

Attorneys emphasize that progressive laws do not make that much difference if police, sheriffs' departments and court officials are not trained or willing to use them. In East Tennessee, Legal Services developed clear, understandable pamphlets which tell women how to apply for a restraining order without an attorney. But when women first attempted this, court clerks sent them away, telling them they needed lawyers. The court clerks are now aware that these documents can be filed without counsel and are ready to handle it.

Crime in Appalachia

. . . the search for evidence

Appalachian and Southern violence have been favorite hobby horses of writers and scholars for more than a hundred years. The latest foray comes from David Hackett Fischer in his extensive new history, *Albion's Seed: Four British Folkways in America,* published by Oxford University Press in 1989. In his section on "The Origin and Persistence of Regional Cultures in the United States," Fischer offers data to support the argument that Southerners and Appalachians are particularly violent. He shows elevated murder rates in the Southern states. Although he fails to cite any references, we presume he got the figures from the *Uniform Crime Report*, put out yearly by the FBI. But we don't know how he supports this statement: "Homicide rates were also high in northern cities with large populations of southern immigrants both black and white. But southern neighborhoods occupied by migrants from the north

Southern violence of exceptionally high rates of prosecution for personal violence—cases of assault, that sort of thing—exceptionally low levels of crimes against property, uniquely so. . . that's the evidence one has to deal with."

We'd like to deal with that evidence, but without better information about his sources, it's not easy. These statements demand empirical support, for a region's reputation rests in the balance. Thus, we undertook a modest study of readily available data. We looked at the latest available volume of *Uniform Crime Reports* for 1989. The book reports numbers of murders, forcible rapes, aggravated assaults and robbery along with violent crime totals. The charts also list property crimes including larceny-theft, burglary and motor vehicle theft.

from a rural Appalachian background, which would reinforce our sample as a good one to understand overall crime rates in the Southern mountains.

We compiled a listing of towns with more than 10,000 residents and of metropolitan statistical areas (MSAs—cities or groups of cities of more than 50,000 population) listed in West Virginia, East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Southeast Ohio and Western Maryland. We found no listing for cities in Eastern Kentucky (except for Ashland, which is part of the Huntington, W.Va., MSA) or Northern Georgia (though Georgia is mentioned in part of the MSA of Chattanooga).

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Americans in other regions that have similar demographic qualities. These studies represent the only known empirical test of the lore to date. Expanded studies including respondents across a broader Appalachian base are needed.

Along with family violence, incest reflects the dark side of family life. In 1989 I conducted a study of adult women from Southwest Virginia and Northeast Tennessee focusing on childhood sexual experiences, including incest. Thirty-eight percent of the 239 women participating indicated that they had had at least one incestuous sexual experience in childhood. In half of these cases, the other person involved was a brother. Uncles accounted for 27 percent of the reported incest (16 percent of the total sample) and fathers accounted for 15 percent of the cases (4 percent of the total sample).

One of the most renowned sexual abuse researchers, Diane Russell, conducted a predominantly urban West Coast study in 1983. She found that 16 percent of her total sample reported incestuous experiences. Our local sample reported incestuous contacts at more than double that rate. However, the father-daughter rates were comparable.

It is difficult to draw definitive conclusions from either the national or local data, but there is reason for serious concern. The fact that most family violence and incest go unreported means that intervention does not occur and prevention strategies are stymied.

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At the Appalachian Studies Conference in Berea, Ky., in 1991, Fischer said that he quantified his evidence using teams of student researchers. He said they found "a pattern which is very special in Southern violence of exceptionally high rates of prosecution for personal violence—cases of assault, that sort of thing—exceptionally low levels of crimes against property, uniquely so. . . that's the evidence one has to deal with."

We'd like to deal with that evidence, but without better information about his sources, it's not easy. These statements demand empirical support, for a region's reputation rests in the balance. Thus, we undertook a modest study of readily available data. We looked at the latest available volume of *Uniform Crime Reports* for 1989. The book reports numbers of murders, forcible rapes, aggravated assaults and robbery along with violent crime totals. The charts also list property crimes including larceny-theft, burglary and motor vehicle theft.

Appalachian cities are among the safest in the U.S.

All states, most cities of more than 10,000 residents and some counties are listed. Breakdowns of reported crimes are given for region, but most of Appalachia is grouped with the rest of the South. Understanding this region's data requires a cross-sectional comparison.

We focused on cities since that was where we could find the most complete data. Given the small size of Appalachian cities and how spread out the metropolitan statistical areas are, we felt that information from these cities would provide a fair representation of what was going on in Appalachia in terms of crime. In addition, we believed that much of the population of Appalachian cities comes from a rural Appalachian background, which would reinforce our sample as a good one to understand overall crime rates in the Southern mountains.

We compiled a listing of towns with more than 10,000 residents and of metropolitan statistical areas (MSAs—cities or groups of cities of more than 50,000 population) listed in West Virginia, East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Southeast Ohio and Western Maryland. We found no listing for cities in Eastern Kentucky (except for Ashland, which is part of the Huntington, W.Va., MSA) or Northern Georgia (though Georgia is mentioned in part of the MSA of Chattanooga).

This gave us a list of 20 cities in the region with a population totaling 2.7 million. We compiled the total of violent crimes and the totals of property crimes. We also listed murders and rapes separately (though they are also included in the violent crimes totals). For comparison, we located 20 cities of comparable population in the Midwest, Northeast and West. We also compiled another listing of 20 comparable-sized cities of the South. Then we compared rates for the three sets of cities.

The selection of the comparison cities was not random; there weren't enough comparable-sized cities to use as a pool for a random sample. We did avoid any city within the Appalachian Regional Commission's extensive boundary of Appalachia. (We didn't include all the cities in the ARC territory in our Appalachian sample because that area takes in too much territory to make a meaningful statement about Appalachia; it includes much of the Carolina Pied-

mont, Upstate New York and even Mississippi).

Our findings show that Appalachian cities are among the safest in the U.S., on the whole. The rates in the comparison U.S. cities are higher on all measures. The comparison cities of the South show the highest rates on all measures.

The chart on page 11 shows the crime rates for the three groupings and for the entire U.S. population.

Because of the striking regional differences, we were inspired to look at the rates of two large cities that the Appalachian Regional Commission includes as Appalachian. Pittsburgh and Birmingham, at the northern and southern end of the region, displayed striking differences that reinforced the findings of our selected samples (see chart). We also looked at the state totals for West Virginia, the only state that is totally Appalachian. The state has the lowest property crime rate in the U.S. and the sixth lowest violent crime rate in the nation.

David Hackett Fischer might be right about his assessment of violence in the South, but lumping the Southern Highlands in with the rest of the South may be doing this region a disservice. There *are* some parts of the region with exceptionally high murder rates (see below). And even in West Virginia, with the lowest overall crime rate in the nation, the murder rate ranks only 28th at 6.5 per 100,000 population. Though the rate is still below the national average of 8.7, the murder rates are out of line with the low rates for other crimes in West Virginia.

These are disturbing figures and need further study. But focusing only on the small areas of Appalachia that do have exceptionally high murder rates obscures the nature of most of the region with its remarkably low rates of both violent and property crime.

—Pat Arnow and Norma Myers

Research assistance from Charles Moore, Richard Blaustein, Carol Norris, Steven Patrick and Steven Giles.

A printout of charts with each city's crime numbers, rates and page references is available upon request from *Now and Then.*

High murder rates in Eastern Kentucky

To the person who shot at me and my family last week: If I have offended you in some way come and face me like a man, unless you are afraid to face a crippled and disabled veteran. Shooting from a car and then flying off is a coward's way. If you had hit my wife or one of my children I would have hunted you down if it had taken the rest of my life. This time I let the state police handle it. If there is a next time my friends and I will handle it ourselves. We are all Vietnam veterans, so be warned. Signed, the mountain man.

—from "Speak Your Piece," the telephone call-in column in *Mountain Eagle,* Whitesburg, Ky., May 1991.

Twelve rural Eastern Kentucky counties showed exceptionally high murder rates through the 1980s, reported the *Lexington Herald-Leader* May 19. Frank Langfitt of the Southeastern Kentucky bureau found that the murder rate was comparable to some of the big cities of the United States. New York City's rate of 23.4 per 100,000 people from 1980-89 was exceeded by both Wolfe and Leslie Counties. The murder rate during that period was 28 in Leslie County, 24.2 in Wolfe County, 21.6 in Perry County, 21.1 in Clay County, 19 in Breathitt County, 18.6 in Owsley County, 15.9 in Lee County, 15.6 in Knox County, 15.1 in Estill County and 15 in Harlan County. Wayne and Rockcastle counties showed rates between 15 and 28.

He also noted that only two Kentucky counties outside Appalachia exceeded the rate of 15 per 100,000. The most urban counties of Kentucky, Jefferson (Louisville) and and Fayette (Lexington) had rates of 8.2 and 6.5 respectively.

Landfitt also found relatively high rates—between 7 and 14.9—in several other Eastern Kentucky counties including Pike, Floyd, Martin, Johnson Magoffin, Morgan Elliott, Bell, Whitley, McCreary, Laurel, Jackson, Powell, Montgomery, Bath, Russell, Lincoln and Adair.

He compiled data from 1980 to 1989 from the Kentucky State Police and the FBI. In rural counties across the United States, the rate was just 5.4 murders per 100,000 people in 1989.

Population of the counties with the highest rates ranged from 5,368 to 39,337, reported the *Herald-Leader.* Perry County, with an average population of 31,992 for 1980-89 had 69 murders in that time.

Landfitt noted, "Not surprisingly, many of the mountain counties with the highest per-capita murder rates also have the lowest per-capita incomes." Leslie County, with its highest murder rate in the state, had the lowest per-capita income in the state in 1989—$7,869. He found similarly high murder rates in low income rural counties in West Virginia and Mississippi.

He quotes Clay County Sheriff Edd Jordon, who said, "I could set up a factory in Clay County and cut the crime rate in half."

Others quoted cite substance abuse, lack of verbal skills, inadequate schools, crowded living conditions, the region's violent history and widespread gun ownership as factors contributing to the high murder rate. Like murders elsewhere, most Eastern Kentucky homicides involved relations or acquaintances.

Low Crime Rates in Appalachia's Cities

	total population	violent crime[1] rate*	property crime[2] rate*	murder[3] rate*	rape[4] rate*
Appalachia **20 Selected Cities and Metropolitan Statistical Areas (MSAs) and their populations —1989** Asheville NC (MSA) 175,336; Boone NC 10,717; Morganton NC, 16,045; Charleston WV (MSA) 257,418; Huntington-Ashland WV-KY-OH (MSA) 321,194; Parkersburg-Marietta WV-OH (MSA) 153,755; Beckley WV 18,434; Bluefield WV 13,992; Clarksburg WV 18,880; Fairmont WV 21,007; Martinsburg WV 13,477; Morgantown WV 26,014; Moundsville WV 11,350; Knoxville TN (MSA) 578,646; Chattanoonga TN-GA (MSA) 442,433; Tri Cities TN-VA (MSA) 446,376; Greeneville TN 15,026; Morristown TN 20,990; Cumberland MD-WV (MSA) 103,289; Portsmouth OH 22,660	**2,686,862**	**359.1**	**3,768.9**	**6.1**	**32.0**
North, Midwest and West **+ 20 Selected Cities and Metropolitan Statistical Areas (MSAs) and their populations —1989** Merced CA (MSA) 174,500; Fulton MO 10,646; Great Bend KS 16,032; Poughkeepsie NY (MSA) 262,797; Trenton NJ (MSA) 331,639; Waterloo-Cedar Rapids IA (MSA) 148,103; Hays KS 17,029; Crawfordsville IN 13,960; Wisconsin Rapids WI 19,621; Junction City KS 20,432; Menomonie WI 13,455; Superior WI27,050; Lebanon IN 11,585; Tacoma WA (MSA) 573,254; Flint MI (MSA) 432,148; Bridgeport-Milford CT (MSA) 454,602; Kirksville MO 15,432; Marshfield WI 20,483; Sheboygan WI (MSA) 103,267; Goshen IN 22,414	**2,688,449**	**670.6**	**5,631.9**	**7.9**	**50.8**
South **+ 20 Selected Cities and Metropolitan Statistical Areas (MSAs) and their populations —1989** Longview-Marshall TX (MSA) 173,571; Jesup GA 10,260; New Smyrna Beach FL 16,066; Sarasota FL (MSA) 263,875; Ft. Myers-Cape Coral FL (MSA) 317,517; Monroe LA (MSA) 143,157; Talladega AL 19,243; Tifton GA 14,229; Vero Beach FL 18,706; Natchez MS 20,860; Stephenville TX 13,411; Paris TX 26,185; Grenada MS 11,035; Little Rock (MSA) AR 515,504; Columbia SC (MSA) 462,511; Mobile AL (MSA) 487,197; Greenwood SC 22,798; Minden LA 14,713; Carrollton GA 20,521; Midland TX (MSA) 108,274	**2,679,684**	**832.8**	**6,055.1**	**9.7**	**51.5**
U.S. Total	**248,239,000**	**663.1**	**5,077.9**	**8.7**	**38.1**
West Virginia	**1,857,000**	**146.7[5]**	**2,216.2[6]**	**6.5[7]**	**18.7[8]**
Pittsburgh (MSA)	**2,099,512**	**392.2**	**3,001.3**	**3.2**	**27.6**
Birmingham (MSA)	**929,861**	**788.2**	**4,720.9**	**15.5**	**44.3**
MSAs U.S. Total	**191,346,929**	**779.7**	**5,716.5**	**9.7**	**42.5**

+ comparable in size to selected Appalachian cities and outside of area defined as Appalachian by the Appalachian Regional Commission.
*** per 100,000.**

[1] Includes murder, rape, robbery (the taking or attempting to take anything of value from the care custody or control of a person or persons by force or threat of force or violence and/or by putting the victim in fear) and aggravated assault (an attack by one person upon another for the purpose of inflicting bodily injury, usually accompanied by use of a weapon or by means likely to produce death or great bodily harm. Attempts are included). Accounts for less than 13% of all crime reported in *Uniform Crime Reports*.

[2] Includes burglary (unlawful entry of a structure to commit a felony or theft), larceny-theft (includes unlawful taking, carrying, leading or riding away of property from the possession of another person, including shoplifting, pocket-picking, purse-snatching, bicycle theft and theft from motor vehicles. Does not include embezzlement, "con" games, forgery or worthless checks) and motor vehicle theft. Accounts for 88% of total crime.

[3] Willful (nonnegligent) killing of one human being by another based on police investigations. Accounts for less than 1% of total crime

[4] Includes only forcible (not statutory) rape. Accounts for 1% of total crime.

[5] Sixth lowest state rate in the U.S.

[6] Lowest state rate in the U.S.

[7] Ranks 28th in the U.S.

[8] Seventh lowest state rate in the U.S.

Source: *Uniform Crime Reports for the United States*, 1989, by Federal Bureau of Investigation, U.S. Department of Justice, Washington, D.C.

My Pappaw's Last Car

Brian Knave

It was 18 feet long, a mid-60's ship
big enough to sleep four.
The matte blue vinyl interior
matched the faded paint to a tee —
perfect for a Presbyterian
with nowhere left to go but church
and the Shell station.
The oil had been changed every 2000
and the odometer hadn't turned over.
For once Pappaw was second owner —
close as he got to being first.

The year before he died
he backed into a gasoline pump
and sheared it off the island.
Afterward, driving home, he got
"turned around" on Oakland Avenue
and for 30 minutes couldn't find his way.
He was less than 5 minutes from the house.
The doctor himself called Tom Webb,
our "State Farm man" —and friend—
who insured the family cars.
Pappaw worried that his rates
would go up. No one told him
it was more serious than that.

That summer he stayed home with his car
waiting for word from the doctor.
Mammaw, her hands in dishwater,
watched from the kitchen window
as Pappaw tended his "new" Olds.
Afternoons he'd putter in circles
like a dog about to lie down:
kick the tires, raise the hood,
check the oil. Then he'd
start and rev the engine,
sit behind the wheel
and sort through papers in the glove
compartment, or fidget with the radio
trying to find a ballgame.
Looking over his shoulder he'd
back up a few yards, then pull forward,
returning to the same spot. "Poor Virgil,"
Mammaw said. "All those years
breaking his back for Eastman."

I watched him one day fishing through the trunk.
He dug out some rags and an old can
with a fluorescent green lid: Turtle Wax.
Pappaw wanted his Delta 88 to shine
as much as it could. The months went by.
We kept telling him it would be anyday now.
"Ahh," said my uncle Charles, "it takes 'em
a coon's age to do the paperwork."
Pappaw backed up and down the driveway, waiting.
He had begun to wear his collars buttoned,
even in the heat. He wanted to hide,
as much as he could, the purple scar on his neck
where the surgeon had opened a carotid
and cleaned it out.

Robert Morgan

Everyday Life

"Mama said forty people has drowned in the lake. They's holes where their bodies go down and never come up again."

It was the kind of hot day in August when dust lies heavy on the weeds along the road and weighs the leaves of nearby trees. The dust gives a faint shine of microscopic mica to everything, even as it dulls the greens of vegetation, covers the late flowers, and mutes the first red leaves on sumac and Virginia creeper. The two boys walking along the rocky ruts were barefoot and their bare backs were streaked with sweat.

"I'm going to buy me a Nehi orange," the taller, blond boy said.

"Not till after we go swimming," the younger boy said. "Mama said it will give you the cramps to go in after drinking a dope."

"Naw, that's after you eat dinner," the taller boy said. "Daddy said I could buy a dope."

Heat waves rose off the pavement when they got to the highway so it looked like clear buds and blossoms were opening in the air. The pavement was too hot for their bare feet and they stayed on the shoulder, stepping carefully among the broken bottles and papers, poking at hubcaps and rusting tailpipes with their toes.

"I'm going to get a Moon Pie too," the older boy said.

"Not till after we go swimming," the younger boy said. "Mama said forty people has drowned in the lake. They's holes where their bodies go down and never come up again."

"A drowning body comes up three times before it goes down for good. Daddy said after the third time you're done for."

It was the first time they had been allowed to go down to the lake. Usually they swam in the creek pool at the bend where water poured over rocks and there was a dark hole big trout hid in. They had learned to swim there in the icy water after they worked in the bean field. The pool wasn't more than four feet deep and less than ten feet across. Every year they begged to go down to the lake, but Daddy said he didn't have time to take them and they couldn't go by themselves.

"But there's lots of people there swimming," Charles, the older brother said. He had seen them around the dock when they passed in the pickup.

"We'll stay at the shallow edge," Farley, the younger brother said.

"They's too many boys been drowned in that lake," their Mama said. "They's something wrong with that lake."

All morning they had worked in the bean field, picking the late season beans and carrying them out to the pickup truck at the road. There were big briars in the rows this late in summer and the ground was packed. But it was the nailhead rust on the vines that made the boys so dirty. As they sweated the spores shook down on their skin like snuff, turning them brown and coppery.

When they finished, just after two o'clock, and loaded the last hampers on the hot truck, Daddy gave them each a quarter. It was the last picking day before school started on Monday.

"Can't we go swimming in the lake," Charlie said as he stuck the quarter in his pocket.

"It ain't but a little ways yon side of the store," Farley said. Daddy knew they'd take their quarters to the store soon as he left for the bean market.

Daddy looked out over the bean field swaying in the August breeze. The vines were yellowing and looked tattered and old. The season was almost over. Tomorrow they would drive down to Greenville to buy school clothes.

"I reckon if you don't go out far," he said. "Goody goody," the boys said. They danced around in the weeds at the end of the field. Farley ran and jumped into the ragweeds like he was landing in water. The jolt quieted him for a moment.

"Don't hurt yourself," Daddy said. "Now you've got to keep an eye on each other. Don't expect the other kids to look after you with so many paddling around."

Daddy took his cap off and smoothed his sweat flattened hair. "Don't forget to wear your bathing suits," he said. Usually they went into the creek in their birthday suits. He started the pickup and was gone, lurching over the rocks and ruts of the field road and leaving the fumes of gasoline exhaust hanging like a ghost above the hot weeds.

"Goody goody goody," the boys sang as they ran toward the house, skimming above the grass on the trail as though they had not worked all day in the field.

It was cool and dark in the house as they ran into their bedroom to get the trunks they had bought last summer and almost never worn.

"Where you running to?" Mama said from the kitchen. "We're going to the lake," Farley said.

"The law, you know Daddy won't let you go," Mama said. "He just said we could," Charlie said.

Mama frowned. "You be careful and not go in too deep. They's a shelf in that lake were people go off." But they were running again, their jeans over their trunks, across the porch and down the path to the road. "We're going to Greenville tomorrow to buy school clothes," she called after them, as though that would make them careful.

"I'm going to buy black cowboy pants like Hopalong Cassidy," Farley said, as he flipped his quarter into the air and caught it.

"I'm going to get some white loafers with black soles," Charlie said. He had seen the big boys at school and church wearing shoes white as confectioner's sugar.

"They'll get dirty. They'll get smeared with chicken do," Farley said, flipping his quarter higher and catching it with his palm turned backwards and up. The quarter fluttered like a silver butterfly in the sun.

A transfer truck roared by and pushed them with its wind. Grass rippled on the shoulder and papers blew around as the trail of air behind the truck followed it for a few moments. The big Cadillacs from Florida threw off almost as much wind as the trucks. The boys stayed in the dirty shoulder weeds.

"Hey look at that," Farley said, pointing into the grass. "Don't touch it," Charlie said.

"It looks like a snake skin all crumpled up."

"It's a rubber."

"A what?"

"You know, a rubber."

Farley would have pressed him for an explanation, but just then the quarter, which had gone higher into the sun than ever, glanced off the heel of Farley's palm and disappeared into the ditch.

"Don't step on it. I want to see where it went," Farley said. They stopped in their tracks and scanned the weeds and grass and the sand in the ditch for the coin.

"No penny," Charlie said, remembering the story Mama had once read them.

"Oh shut up," Farley said and dropped to his knees. He saw something shiny in the grass but it was just a bottlecap. Another truck blasted by and shoved them with its long syllable of air.

"Don't step there," Farley pleaded. He was picking through the grass and weeds. There were can lids and washers, bits of tissue paper, but no coin.

"Look in the ditch," Charlie said. "I thought it went in the ditch."

The sides of the ditch were hard red dirt, but the bottom was filled with contoured sand, smoothed by the last rain. The sand was speckled black with iron filings, like a heavily bearded but shaved face.

"Don't kick the sand," Charlie said. "Look for a mark where the quarter might have sunk in." Farley crawled into the ditch and ran his hands over the sand but found only a rusty screw and the tip of a car antenna that looked like a glass berry. There was a stick damming a small shelf of sand, and he carefully lifted the wood, only to find a black beetle that, startled by the light, attempted to run in all directions at once, then found a crevice to vanish into.

Farley even looked in the ragweeds above the bank, but he only got dust on his arms as he tried to part the stalks to look inside the little thicket. A field mouse ran out and scrambled down the ditch toward the pavement. Normally Farley would have chased it, but now he turned back to the sand and raked his fingers through the deposits.

"You'll just cover it deeper," Charlie said. "Here, I'll look on the pavement."

A powder blue Thunderbird went by, a man driving and a woman with long blond hair tied in a scarf beside him. The car seemed small as a toy, blue as an Easter egg. It shot up the highway and he watched until it crossed the hill out of sight. Only then did he remember to look for the quarter. But just as he stepped to the edge of the highway a truck blared its horn at him and hurricaned past. He jumped back into the weeds.

When the highway was clear he scanned its surface but found only oil spots and a candy wrapper. If the quarter had fallen on the pavement it had been picked up by a hot sticky tire.

"Ain't nowhere," Charlie said.

Farley's eyes were large and wet. His lips were thin and crooked.

"You can have half my quarter," Charlie said. "Ain't no such thing as half a quarter," Farley said. "You can have twelve cents worth."

"Can't get a Nehi orange and a large Baby Ruth for twelve cents," Farley said.

"You can get a regular Baby Ruth," Charlie said.

As they started again they noticed the girls from Camp Millstone were riding their horses in the pasture across the road. It always interested Charlie to see the camp girls riding. They had English saddles and wore riding pants, though sometimes they wore only halters on top. They were rich girls from Charlotte and Atlanta who spent their summer canoeing on the lake and riding horses and camping on the mountain trails. Some were no older than him, though they looked womanly and developed. He could hear the bugle that woke them up in the morning and called them to lunch even while he and Farley were working in the bean field. What amused him most was to see them ride their slender horses. They seemed to stand up and sit down in their saddles as the horses cantered, as they were doing now, circling in the pasture. You could hear the seats of their pants slapping the saddle leather except when a truck went by. Some wore fancy riding hats.

"I don't see how they do that without getting hurt," Farley said.

"Ah, women is made different," Charlie said. But he had often wondered the same thing. It must hurt to slap the leather that hard again and again.

"I know that," Farley said. Dust from the highway had stuck to the wetness around his eyes, and his cheeks now looked as dirty as his arms and back.

"I bet they get used to it," Charlie said. Most of the trucks headed south were loaded with pole beans.

There were large open trucks where the beans were loose and sticking through cracks in the sideboards.

"Them are culls," Farley said.

"How you know?"

"They wouldn't dump A-l Fancies in the open like that."

"Maybe they're only going a little ways, to Greenville or Atlanta," Charlie said. Charlie had never been to Atlanta, but it was a name he liked to say. It was a name that sounded like a bright flame. It was a city just beyond the foot of the mountain he had heard. He could tell the Georgia tags and the Florida tags by their colors. Daddy said some of their beans went all the way to New Orleans. Charlie didn't know what a New Orleans tag looked like.

There were big trucks with canvas over their beds so you couldn't tell what they carried, and the biggest trucks were closed up like refrigerators with little motors on the front of the vans to cool the beans or peaches inside. When a truck hit its brakes it was like a warm Pepsi had been opened. The big cabs had compart-

ments for sleeping behind them, but he didn't see how anybody could sleep in such a tiny space. It seemed unbelievable that just by following this highway, this piece of pavement at his feet, you could get all the way to Atlanta, even to Florida. The diesel exhaust hung heavy over the highway. His skin felt dirtier than before, as sweat soaked up the grime. Farley's face was so dirty Charlie hated to go inside the store with him.

The yard of Homer's store was cobbled with bottle caps. Some were rusty, and some were flattened by tires, but many had been scattered recently and shone red and orange, silver and gold, purple and green. It was like a collection of coins. Charlie had once collected bottle caps until he had twenty seven different kinds, including Cheerwine and Upper Ten and Tip. He kept them in a box in the spring house until he lost interest and they rusted.

The bottle caps were sharp on their bare feet and they hurried into the store. It was cool inside and Homer leaned on the counter as he always did. The air in the store seemed charged with the smell of the drink cooler, and the electricity from the one bare bulb, with the frost on the coconut popsicles in the freezer and the white wrappers on the candy bars in the display case. It was like the cool sparks inside a sip of 7-Up and the air on the floor of a warehouse stirred by fans. The store smelled like tobacco and dairy feed and coffee too, if you stopped to think about it. But he always thought of the scent of ice when he walked in, and the water in the drink cooler.

"Well boys, world treating you OK?" Homer said.

"OK," Farley said.

"OK," Charlie said.

Charlie was afraid of the way Homer's brown eyes looked behind his glasses. He had heard Homer had a silver plate in his head, from an accident when he worked on the railroad. There were sunken places behind his ears, under the hair, back where his glasses curved round. They hurried past the counter to the drink cooler.

Until their eyes were adjusted to the dimness they couldn't see the names on the bottle tops sticking out of the icy water. Charlie pulled what he thought

Daddy took his cap off and smoothed his sweat flattened hair. "Don't forget to wear your bathing suits," he said.

was an Nehi orange out and opened it, but saw too late it was a Grapette.

"Here, you have this," he said to Farley. "No, I want me a Nehi," Farley said and pushed him away. "If I'm paying you've got to have this," Charlie said. "I don't neither," Farley said. There was a scuffle as Charlie tried to make him take the Grapette in his hand.

"You boys all right?" Homer called.

When Charlie turned back to the counter to say they were fine, Farley grabbed a dripping Nehi from the box and opened it on the little mouth in the slot.

"I ain't paying for it," Charlie whispered. "What can I do for you boys?" Homer said, leaning over the candy counter.

"I want me a Baby Ruth," Farley said, "A big one." "He'll have a little 'un," Charlie said. "Now which is it?" Homer said.

"I'm paying," Charlie said, and showed his quarter. "And what will you have?" Homer said.

"I'll have a Zero," Charlie said. The polar bear looked cool on the wrapper, and he liked the foamy chocolate taste, the light milky chocolate like whipped cream. He wanted to eat it all in the wrapper, without getting chocolate all over his fingers and face the way Farley always did.

Just then a pickup pulled in front of the gas pumps and Charlie gave Homer the quarter before he went outside.

"I don't want you boys carrying off my bottles," Homer said. "We ain't never carried off your bottles," Charlie said. "And now you know not to ever do it," Homer said as he went out the door.

Charlie stood in the doorway drinking the Grapette and nibbling at the Zero bar. He wanted to stand where Homer could see him so he wouldn't think he was stealing anything. Farley looked at the troutflies in the display case beside the candy bars.

"Them flies look like little birds," Farley said. "They look like they're buzzing around."

On the wall behind the counter Homer's pistol hung on its lanyard from a nail. There were boxes of ammunition below it, for shotguns and .22s, and bigger boxes of 30-30 cartridges for deer hunting. He'd heard that when a store burned up you had to stay back away from the exploding shells.

The grape flavor didn't go well with the creamy candy bar. It was a combination he would never try again. There wasn't enough fizz in the Grapette and it was too sweet. It was almost like drinking sticky juice. Farley took a bite of his Baby Ruth and smacked his lips as he chewed the peanuts and carmel, then took a sip of the seething Nehi orange. Farley had lost his quarter and still he had beat him with his choice at the store.

"Hurry up and finish," Charlie said.

"We can't go swimming for an hour," Farley said. He had chocolate on his chin, and orange cola dried on his upper lip.

"That's just hog hockey," Charlie said. "We can go swimming soon as we get there."

"I ain't gone drown with no cramp," Farley said. "Finish your drink and come on."

From the highway they could see the new house Mr. Law had built on the mountainside overlooking the lake. Mr. Law owned both the brickyard and the cotton mill for which the lake and powerhouse had been built. The new house seemed to stretch halfway around the ridge on a shelf the bulldozers had cut out. Apple trees and cherry trees had been set in the clearing around the house.

"Them rich people can look down on us," Farley said, as he had heard Daddy say many times.

But Charlie didn't say anything. He was thinking of Sharon Elizabeth, Mr. Law's daughter, who was a year ahead of him in school until she left for prep school in Virginia last fall. She was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

As they crossed the highway, in the wake of a transfer truck, heat rose from

the asphalt as from a stove top. They stepped quickly to keep from burning the soles of their feet. To reach the pier they had to walk down a sideroad that wound around toward Camp Millstone. But the swimming dock was only a few hundred yards from the highway, and the sand and dust felt cool to their feet. Charlie wished his stomach felt easier. The grape drink and the candy bar had not agreed perfectly and rolled around inside him as he walked. The boys slowed as they approached the dock. They had seen it only from a distance before, and heard about it from the kids at school.

About a dozen boys were already there, some in the water resting on innertubes and some sunning on the pier. Charles recognized the big Lindsay boy who was two years older than him. Jerry Lindsay was his name and he was tanned from hanging around the dock all summer. Seeing Lindsay made Charlie slow down even more.

"If he pushes you hit him in the nose. Knock the fire out of him," Daddy had said when he heard about the bully on the playground. But the opportunity to hit Lindsay back had never arisen. He always pushed you aside and ran on. He was big and strong as a man.

"Let's wait here until the candy settles down," Charlie said. "Naw, I'm hot. I want to cool off," Farley said and kept walking.

Lindsay took a run down the pier and dove into the deep water at the end. When he went through the surface the water spat up in a column and subsided in circles. Lindsay appeared out in the lake, his hair flattened by streaming water, and began swimming back to the shore with powerful strokes. This arm of the lake was maybe five hundred feet wide, but it seemed enormous to Charlie. The lake looked vast and deep and still.

Farley slid out of his jeans and hung them on a bush at the edge of the road. His legs were white compared to the other boys'. Charlie knew he would appear just as pale. In the bean field they always wore long pants, though they went without shirts. The chocolate on his face and the sweat streaks down his neck and back made Farley looked babyish, he thought

"Did you bring your soap?" Lindsay said, climbing up onto the dock and adjusting the legs of his trunks.

"We planned to borrow yours," Charlie said. Farley stepped down into the edge of the lake and began splashing himself.

"Hey, don't get yourself wet," Lindsay said. "You boys didn't even bring a towel."

For the first time Charlie realized that most of the other boys had towels lying on the pier or in the grass by the shore. He and Farley never took towels to the creek. Sometimes they ran in the field or pasture to dry off in the sun. Lindsay picked up an orange and white striped towel and began drying himself off.

"Hey, don't pollute the lake with bean dust," he hollered at Farley. Several of the other boys snickered. Farley sank up to his neck in the water, surprised at how warm it was.

"You done polluted the lake by diving in," Charlie said. Cotton mill trash, Daddy called the people who lived in the village. They lived on bologna and soda crackers and kool-aid and their kids never did any work in summer.

"Don't take it so hard, Beanfield, I'm just teasing you," Lindsay said and smiled. "Ain't you going to take your britches off, or you swimming with them on?" Lindsay rolled his towel into a thick wet rope.

With all the boys watching him Charlie felt he had to take his pants off and go into the water. Otherwise he would seem afraid of Lindsay and his teasing. He slipped his jeans off and put them on the grass. His stomach felt heavy and a little sore from the candy bar's fight with the Grapette.

"You can always use your jeans for a towel," Lindsay said. "Except they'll get bean dust all over you again."

Soon as Charlie's legs were bare Lindsay came after him with the wet towel. He held the towel like a large rubber band and shot with it, popping the end like a whip. The towel stung Charlie's bare leg, and he looked for a stick or a rock. But the only thing that caught his eye was someone else's towel lying on the end of the pier. He jerked the towel up and whirled around, snapping the cloth at Lindsay. But the towel he held was dry and would not snap like Lindsay's. He shot it out twice, using it half as a whip and half as a shield. He spread it like a bullfighter's cape, but Lindsay stung him again.

Charlie whipped his towel in Lindsay's face, as though teasing him, as though the wet towel had not burned his skin. He realized his best hope was to act as though he were having fun. They circled, kicking up the sand and dirt. "Hah!" Lindsay shouted, lunging at him like a Japanese wrestler. "Hah!" Charlie shouted back and dodged.

"I mighty Minamoto," Lindsay growled.

"I mighty Fugiwara," Charlie spat back, grinding his teeth. Everytime he turned he could feel the Grapette sloshing inside him. The boys in the water and on the dock were all watching them.

Lindsay was slowly driving him out onto the pier, and even though he feinted and dodged he could not avoid being gradually edged backward.

"Don't get my towel wet," the Stamey boy called to him. It felt as though the lake stretched a thousand miles behind him and the water was infinitely dark and deep. As he twisted and swung the towel, and blocked many of Lindsay's snaps, the end of the dock got closer. Other boys slid out of the way as they circled. He thought if he could grab the end of Lindsay's towel he might pull him forward and then run back to shore. But just as he caught the tip of Lindsay's towel the bigger boy grabbed the end of his and they circled like animals tethered together. Lindsay jerked him with the double bond and Charlie felt himself falling. The water smacked him like a big hand.

Just as he absorbed the shock of the water, and the sting of the impact, and the splash in his face that reminded him of when he was baptized, he felt Lindsay's hand on the top of his head. Before he could tread water and swim sideways and away, he was pushed down into the colder water. His nose stung inside as though it was hit, and his ears hurt from the pressure. He didn't even have time to close his eyes before he went down, and he saw Lindsay hovering over him and kicking. He closed his mouth to keep from swallowing more water and tried to swim backwards. But the hand on his

head kept pushing. He grabbed at the hand and pulled. He would pull Lindsay down with him until he had to let go. He hit out with his left fist into the icy jelly of the lake.

But what went through his mind in the instant of desperation, in the murky smothering violence of the dunk, was how he wished he had not come to the lake, had not begged to walk down the highway with the quarter, had not drunk the Grapette and eaten the sticky Zero bar, had not been told by Homer not to steal his bottles, had not arrived at the lake without towels and found Lindsay there. Instead they could have stayed home with their everyday life and gone swimming in the creek and run in the pasture to dry off. Everyday life seemed so wonderful, doing just what you did all the time. Nothing seemed so beautiful now as to get back home, and stay at home. If he ever got back to everyday life, with Daddy returning from the bean market with a watermelon, he never wanted to leave it again.

He pulled Lindsay down further, and swung at him, at his face, his belly. He kicked at Lindsay's legs. Lindsay was kicking back and he was kicking to get to the surface. They both clawed and kicked, and suddenly something crashed on Charlie's head, as though he had been hit by a bat or board. Lindsay let go.

Charlie couldn't tell what was up or down, until he felt his face in the air and gulped a breath. His head ached. He opened his eyes and saw Lindsay in the water near him, holding the side of his own head. They had hit the edge of the pier as they rose in the water. Charlie patted his hair but found no blood. But blood streamed down over Lindsay's ear. He must have hit a nail, or a sharp corner.

Lindsay hoisted himself up on the dock and wiped the side of his head, then looked at the bright blood on his hand.

"Look what you done," he said. "Look what you done, you bastard."

Charlie thought Lindsay was going to jump in the water on top of him, and he gripped the edge of the dock. But Lindsay backed to the shore, holding the side of his head. His hand was streaked with the blood. When he reached the bank he kept going, dust and dirt sticking to his wet feet.

He slipped his jeans off and put them on the grass. His stomach felt heavy and a little sore from the candy bar' s fight with the Grapette.

Charlie had not noticed the speedboat until he felt the waves prodding him against the dock. He turned and saw a huge Chris Craft rocking in its own waves where it had come to a stop fifty feet out in the lake. Its motor was rumbling and bubbles churned up behind the exhaust pipe and propeller. He had never seen an inboard speedboat close up before. Its mahogany deck and chromium fittings flashed in the sun. The boat was sleek as a fish or bird, rounded underneath at the front and on top at the back. The windshield made it look like a race car in the water, its flag tilted back. The powerful motor echoed over the water like the grunt of a dangerous animal, a tiger purring and ready to spring. He climbed up on the pier to see what was going on.

In the boat were Sharon Elizabeth Law and another girl, both in bathing suits. They were untangling some ropes, and throwing a set of skis in the water. Sharon Elizabeth took the handle end of the rope and dived into the lake. She pushed the skis in front of her as she swam toward the pier.

"Hi" she said to Charlie, and handed him the end of the rope. "Would you hold this?" she said. He took the wet wooden handle and she placed the skis on the dock and climbed out of the water, pushing herself up like an experienced athlete. The skis had rubber shoes on them into which she fitted her feet. She worked the skis to the very end of the pier and took the rope from him. "Thanks," she said and smiled. Sharon Elizabeth was a year ahead of him and he hadn't seen her since she left for prep school. In her shiny blue bathing suit she looked taller than he remembered. How big her legs looked, how tanned and how long. She was like a grown woman. She was perfectly tanned and her platinum hair sparkled even though wet. Her friend in the boat called and they pulled the rope taut.

Sharon Elizabeth looked around and smiled. All the boys on their inner tubes and along the shore were watching her. "I just hope I don't fall flat on my face," she said and laughed.

She was so close to Charlie he could smell her perfume or suntan lotion, and he saw how the locket fell down between her breasts in the bathing suit. Water streamed off her blond hair and down her tanned cheek.

"Thanks for helping," she said to him and smiled again. She crouched with the rope tight and yelled to the girl in the boat, "OK!"

The engine rumbled and the boat threw out a mound of froth behind it. The rope pulled Sharon Elizabeth with a jerk off the dock, and for an instant it looked like she was going to sink. But as the boat picked up speed she rose in the water as though by magic and followed as the boat curved out into the lake. The boat leaned into its turn and threw back a feather of foam. Sharon Elizabeth crossed the wake and then crossed it again, soaring on the wooden wings. It looked as though she was driving the boat with the line. Her blue suit flashed in the sun as they swept out of sight around the point and into the main body of the lake, leaving waves that sloshed onto the shore and slapped the dock. Charlie and the other boys kept looking, as though hoping the boat and skier would reappear. He could hear the motor echo off the ridges, then fade.

"Let's go home," Farley said. "Daddy will be back from the market." But Charlie didn't hear him. He stood a long time looking toward the entrance to the cove, listening for the sound of the motor.

Robert Morgan was born and grew up in Henderson County, N.C., and teaches at Cornell. His most recent books are ***The Blue Valleys****, stories, from Peachtree and* ***Sigodlin****, poems, from Wesleyan University.*

Upsetting the Apple Cart in Eastern Kentucky

Appalred Attorneys John Rosenberg & Tony Oppegard

by Pat Arnow

John Rosenberg

After the Chamber of Commerce initiated John Rosenberg as a charter member to its Hall of Fame and the Floyd County Bar Association awarded him a plaque for 20 years of dedicated service at the same dinner this June, the 59-year old attorney mused that things had certainly changed since he first came to Eastern Kentucky.

When he arrived in 1971 to start the area's first federally funded legal services office to represent the poor, some local attorneys accused the lawyers in the program of being Communists, and some members of the bar association tried to keep them from practicing.

We were on the next to the last boat to get out of Holland before the war started.

But Rosenberg quietly continued his work. Appalred (the Appalachian Research and Defense Fund, Inc.) became the largest legal services organization in Kentucky, covering 37 poor, rural mountain counties. Around the region he has gained admiration for maintaining an excellent staff of lawyers and for keeping all 11 offices open during massive budget cutbacks.

Now he is beginning to receive some national attention for his work. This year he received the Kutak-Dodds Prize for outstanding public service through law, a $10,000 award presented by the National Legal Aid & Defender Association. Each year one attorney in the nation in legal services, public defense or public interest law receives the award for contributing "in a significant way to the enhancement of the human dignity and quality of life of those persons unable to afford legal representation."

Last year, Rosenberg also became one of eight attorneys chosen by the American Bar Association for the John Minor Wisdom Public Service and Professionalism Award.

Rosenberg deflects the credit onto others. "There are 20-some lawyers here making me look good," he told the *Lexington Herald-Leader* after receiving his most recent award.

The staff redirects the praise back to Rosenberg. An Appalred attorney from the early days of the organization, Kay Adrian, who is now directing attorney for legal services in Winchester, Va., says, "This program could have been a disaster. And it wasn't. No program I've worked around has quite the spirit that Appalred has had. I think that's due to John. He's the eternal optimist. These horrible things could be coming down around us, and it would never shake him. I think whatever is best in you is able to develop because of John, because of the spirit of the program. You could take equally good people and put them in other programs, and I don't think they'd produce the quality work they would in this program."

John Rosenberg is clearly embarrassed by the recent recognition and praise. And he doesn't look the part of an imposing leader. He is a small, cheerful man with a reedy voice. His optimism and kindly attitude haven't made him squeamish, however. "We don't go out of our way to step on anybody's toes, but if we have to we will," he explains. His goal, he says, "is to give people a chance to be able to stand across a courtroom and have the same benefits as somebody who has money."

Born in 1931, Rosenberg came to social consciousness before the many baby-boomers who work in his program. He believes that his commitment to social justice came about because, "I feel like I've got a lot to be grateful for."

He was born in pre-war Germany, to a Jewish family who became refugees from the Nazis. They lived for a year in an internment camp in the Netherlands, and when he was nine, he says, "We were on the next to the last boat to get out of Holland before the war started."

The family landed in New York, but Rosenberg's father, a teacher, found that, "No one had good advice for immigrant schoolteachers. We went south to Spartanburg, South Carolina, and he began sweeping floors at a textile mill."

When Rosenberg was in eighth grade, the family moved to Gastonia, North Carolina. He felt accepted in his new hometown and was even elected president of his high school class.

In fact, he loved the South. That is what inspired him to work in civil rights after he graduated from law school at the University of North Carolina. "What got me interested in desegregation was the desire to see the South become a better place. Being a Southerner at heart, I came out of Gastonia with the hope of putting problems behind us."

He started working for the U.S. Justice Department, going into communities to help people on the front lines of the voting rights and integration struggles.

By 1969 he was Chief of the Criminal Section of the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. He was working with people in the South who were trying to

register to vote. But he wanted to do more than visit towns to assist residents. "They had to bear the brunt of what we did there. We didn't live in the communities. We were more removed from their lives."

He and his wife Jean and their infant son left Washington to travel across the country in search of a community to which they could become a part. One friend they visited was working in the fledgling Appalachian Research and Defense Fund in Charleston, W.Va. It was one of the new federally funded programs to assist poor people in civil cases such as evictions, child custody and consumer problems. He urged Rosenberg to help Appalred branch out to the coalfields of Eastern Kentucky.

The Rosenbergs agreed to try. Since 1970 they have lived in Prestonsburg, a town in the heart of the steep hills of Appalachia. Jean Rosenberg now runs a program for single parents at Prestonsburg Community College. Their son Michael, 21, is a senior at Duke University, and their daughter Louise, 17, is a senior in high school.

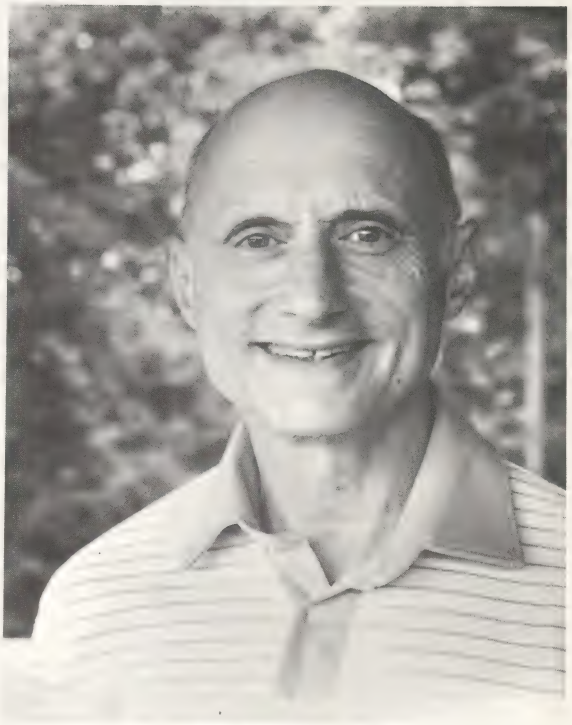
While the family has made Prestonsburg home, the Eastern Kentucky legal establishment didn't exactly welcome the new program. Stephen Bright, a former Appalred attorney who now directs the Southern Prisoners' Defense Committee recalls, "The program was greeted with exceptional hostility in many counties and courts. One local bar association committee passed a resolution prohibiting Appalred lawyers from practicing in the courts without bar association approval. Nothing was obtained without a fight."

That has changed in the past few years. Recently, John Rosenberg reports, several bar associations in Eastern Kentucky passed resolutions calling for more funding for Appalred. And Rosenberg serves as treasurer of the Floyd County Bar Association. He tells about representatives of the Legal Services Corporation who monitor the program. They talked to one judge that Rosenberg describes as "not one of our great supporters," who told the monitors, "I don't always agree with what they're doing, but if I were in trouble, I'd want one of their lawyers to represent me."

Now some 150 private attorneys in Appalred's 37 counties will accept referrals for pro bono (free) representation.

Though the program enjoys more community acceptance these days, money is always a problem. "Funding levels have been going in the wrong direction," says Rosenberg. "We had 48 lawyers in 1981. Now we have 23."

He says that "when legal services was funded in 1974 by the federal government, the goal was to provide two attorneys for every 10,000 low-income people. That's a pretty modest goal. We have about 260,000 persons below the poverty line in our area, which means we'd like to have, minimally, around 50 lawyers. Now we're at about half of that minimal goal."



John Rosenberg

To maintain the highest number of staff people possible, salaries have remained modest. Luckily, none of the lawyers at Appalred is in the business to get rich. "The lawyers coming out of law school are really showing some special commitment. We hire in at $18,500," says Rosenberg.

The temptation for more money must be alluring. Rosenberg points out that larger law firms pay $30,000 a year to new law graduates. Even in the federal or state government, attorneys make more money than they do in legal services. Most young lawyers, who have hefty student loans to repay, can barely afford to work for legal services.

We don't go out of our way to step on anybody's toes, but if we have to we will.

But legal services has its rewards. "People respect our lawyers for doing good work. You're not going to lose your job because you upset somebody's apple cart. That's the strength of the organization."

This small staff of attorneys and paralegals take on as many as 7,000 cases a year. Rosenberg hesitates when asked what the most important cases have been. "To the client every case is important, whether a paralegal obtains AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) benefits or you get food stamps for a family. It's hard to say that something is more important than that."

Besides the evictions, custody cases and consumer problems that all legal services organizations in the U.S. handle, Appalred has also represented residents threatened by dangerous conditions caused by strip mining above their homes, children on school buses traveling on roads damaged by overweight coal trucks, miners fired for refusing to work in unsafe conditions and disabled miners seeking black lung benefits.

Some of Appalred's work has far-reaching effects. Rosenberg drafted legislation in 1976 that became the basis for a constitutional amendment passed by 82 percent of Kentucky voters last year to abolish the power of the broad form deed. The broad form deed was a turn-of-the-century document through which speculators bought mineral rights to Appalachian land. When earth-moving equipment came into use, a new method of extracting coal from the ground was born—strip mining—and broad form

deed owners often did that, rendering the land unsuitable for farming, timbering, or sometimes even living.

A recent class action suit has also had far-reaching effects in the increased hiring of blacks and women in all Kentucky State Parks. The lawsuit was brought by two black employees of Lake Cumberland State Resort Park near Jamestown. "The employees alleged that they were denied advancement from seasonal to year-round jobs because of their race," says the summary of Appalred cases. "Jobs were doled out by who you knew," explains Rosenberg. "The case ultimately resulted in a consent decree in federal court which set goals for increased hiring of blacks over a period of years and has been very successful."

Another case had statewide impact on nursing homes. Rosenberg describes the situation: "We represented a 95-year-old man who was evicted from a nursing home because he exhibited symptoms of AIDS. (Several years before he had been given blood transfusions, and he now tested HIV positive.) When we tried to get him moved to another nursing home, we found that there were only two others in all of Kentucky that took any patients with AIDS, and they were not in this part of the state. There was a state regulation that required the nursing home staff to have training in AIDS before they could accept people, so by not training the staff, they were able to prevent any patients from coming in. We complained to the Office of Civil Rights and to Health and Human Services. Ultimately, with the intervention of the federal government, we have a new statewide policy of nondiscrimination against AIDS patients in nursing homes." The 95-year-old patient was placed in another nursing home, and, ironically, after undergoing more sophisticated testing, it was determined that he did not have AIDS, nor was he HIV positive.

When John Rosenberg spoke at the commencement of the law school at the University of Louisville this year, he encouraged the graduating attorneys to consider public service. Looking back on his own career, he remembers with satisfaction his civil rights days. But, his years with Appalred hold the greatest meaning to him. "Legal services is even more of an opportunity to serve people than public agencies because you are really dealing with people on a day-to-day basis. It's a place where your work can be very gratifying, and where you see that you are helping people daily—and sometimes in a major way. We've always felt pretty grateful for being here; we're looking for a way to give something back. It's a good way to spend your life."

Tony Oppegard in his Lexington office by a portrait of turn-of-the-century coal mine organizer Mother Jones.

Tony Oppegard

Tony Oppegard, an attorney for the Mine Safety Project of Appalred, describes one of his cases:

"Odell Maggard was working as a continuous miner's helper. A continuous miner is a big piece of equipment that grinds coal from the face of the mine. It's run by electricity and it has these big cables that run to the power center of the mine. You have to have the helper pull these cables to keep them out of the way of the various pieces of equipment. And that was Odell's job.

"It was in January of 1985. He was working at one of Chaney Creek's mines in Leslie County. The trailing cable was not in good condition. He was shocked while pulling it. It tingled his hands. He told the foreman he'd been 'juiced,' as he called it. The foreman didn't want to have to shut down to fix this cable. Odell worked about another half hour and he got shocked again. This time he really got shocked. It knocked him down to the mine floor, into a mud puddle, and both of his arms were numb. It was a life-threatening situation. They were working in water, and there were exposed parts of the cable where you could see the copper wires. At that point, he told the foreman, 'Either fix it, or I'm not going to pull it.' The foreman told him, 'Either pull it, or you can go on home.' He left. He was discharged. We went to trial and we won."

I don't buy the notion that courts are fair and that litigants go into court on an equal footing, and the law determines which party is correct. That's just wrong.

Odell Maggard's troubles were not over. "He was reinstated June 20, 1986, and he only worked until July 30, when he quit his job because Chaney Creek harassed him so badly when he was there," says the attorney.

Oppegard filed a second discrimination suit with Chaney Creek. Recently, a

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Neighbors

Built right, one homestead doesn't quite see another.
Mine's that way. Screened by woods, hills,
and sufficient distance, its seclusion
guarantees that nothing intrudes except sound.

Today it's my new neighbor's axe I hear
as he splits wood a quarter-mile away.
Following an old countryman's habit, I cock my ear
to gauge what he splits, and how well.

I've told stories about this before and not been believed,
maybe with cause — my ear isn't as good
as it used to be, and maybe it never was.
But truth is, it's done, if you know how.

That ringing click is seasoned hickory,
good to last all a cold evening.
And there, surely that's a red oak popping,
easily split but a fine wood, full of heat.

Trouble, though, this mushy thunk I hear next;
it's black gum — temptingly plentiful, but the saying goes
even the devil fears a nagging wife and a black gum log,
so crossgrained no sane man ever tries to split it.

He keeps at the same log for a while,
longer than I'd predicted. I keep listening
for a rending sound, the staccato chopping
of individual fibers, but they don't come.

My father, who taught me, had a better ear,
and an eye more than its equal.
Passing by a hayfield, he'd look it over
and tell me who'd done the mowing:

Earl, if there were uncut wisps
at the corners where he cut short his turns;
Walter, who left an extra swath beside the fence
because he didn't trust his own driving.

Carpenters, too, left their own clues: one man
always cat-faced flooring with a careless hammer;
another couldn't 45 a right-angle turn;
the one who could hang a door that'd swing smoothly forever.

That well he knew the hand that painted a barn
or crimped the seams in its tin roof,
or what sawyer cut a straight 2 by 10
and the craftsman who fashioned a proper chair.

Clear as fingerprints, the style of a man's work —
but less secret. Style was public, like his face,

like the face of my woodpile —
no gaps here you could throw a cat through,
every log tightly hacked against its neighbor;
quiet testimony to the hard schoolings of home.

My neighbor has been silent a long time now,
done in, or else absorbing the lesson.
Well, let it not be his last.

The day may come when he can listen
to my distant exertions and know me
as I know him, judge my work and character
by the sound of my axe, the hours I toil.

Till then we'll meet at the local store and church;
we'll swap visits and the surplus from our gardens.
Till then he can know me in less important ways.

David Black

David Black teaches English at the Louisa County High School in Virginia and has had his poems, articles and reviews published in various journals.

Kenneth Murray, Archives of Appalachia

(right) Kyle Hurd and grandson Josh, Hancock County, Tenn., 1988

(below) Sarah Hattan and her baby Mark, sister-in-law Ruth Hattan (sitting on edge of porch) and nurse, Miss Twigg (in rocker), Southwest Virginia, 1913. The photo was taken by Sarah's husband, William Cary Hattan, division engineer during the building of the Clinchfield Railroad from Spartanburg, S.C., to Elkhorn, Ky.

William Cary Hattan Collection, Archives of Appalachia

The Porch

NOW AND THEN

Courtesy of Wilburn Hayden Jr.

(left) Retired coal miner and his wife, 1984.

(lower right) Rufus Sergent, coal cutter, 23, preparing to go squirrel hunting, Harlan County, Ky., 1946.

(Lower left) Madison County, N.C., 1970s

Robert Amberg

Russell Lee. National Archives No. 245 MS 2557-L

Opp

Only sound was the wagon
Groaning like a troubled sleeper
Down red-clay roads
Between cut fields
Through autumn-naked woods

And the blind old mare
Nickering now and then
Her feet a steady pounding
Slow and relentless as winter rain.

And then he busted out crying
And there were more tears in him
Than you'd think a ten year old could hold.

And it was all that he didn't want to go.

He didn't want to go
Bright as he was
To blind school in Nashville.

Ma held him in her lap,
His wet and blind and miserable face
Hid from the sky and God
By her blue apron.

And her hand upon him could not stop
His dry heaving. And she could not stand
The lonely grief of her son.

"Turn the wagon round."

They missed the train at Buena.

Opp became a storekeeper.

It was left to me to tell the story.

—Robert Allen

Michael Chitwood's chapbook, ***Martyrdom of the Onions****, is available from Nightstade Press.*

Robert Allen lives in McKenzie, Tenn.

Jim Minick *lives in Willis, Va.*

Crossword

When Byrd and Hallie fought, Byrd walked out,
shoved open the gate, and tramped this pasture road
like I do now, head down, arms stiff, fists tight.
In the rainy dusk, he pounded this hill
with heavy steps, tripped
on ruts and shouted oaths at leafless oaks —
rain slipped down the back of his neck.

Around this bend, deer snorts forced his thoughts
to fly with four white tails, leap on leap
to some more ordered field. And at this end
where lane meets woods and Percie's fence,
darkness found him pissing out his anger.

Byrd had to turn, then, to face the rain
and Hallie. He looked downhill away
from wind-blown rain, and saw scattered rocks
where once his parents' chimney stood.
But he knew that uphill, planted in a row,
his walnut trees watched his slowing step.

By the barn, he saw
Hallie in the kitchen concentrating
on her crossword.

Rain's tin song and peep frogs in the pond
told him to go dry off.

—Jim Minick

Lillie Loreen

We named her Lillie Loreen—Lillie after Pa's sister, but we called her Diggs 'cause of the way she walked, her toes diggin' in the ground.

We thought she was going to die that first winter. The Death Watches ticked in the wall and there was a mourning noise under the house; we thought it was a sign, but come to look, it was just dogs fightin'.

Then spring come and Diggs got well. One day she run in the house with mud on her hands and left a hand print on the screen door there. That summer we put her out in the sunshine with Little Roy and had her picture made. Diggs pulled up the blanket in her mouth just as they made the picture—that's the only picture we have of her.

When Christmas come, Opp give us a hoop of cheese out of the store. Little Diggs never had had any before, and she ate so much it give her the colic. They called Dr. Massey from Buena, but he couldn't do nothing.

When we moved away from there, we throwed the broom back in the house because it's bad luck to move a broom. But we took down the screen door and moved it with us—there the print of her hand on it in mud.

—Robert Allen

The Family

Archives of Appalachia

James E. Jones

He held his hands
A certain way when he was thinking

The thoughts
touched words
only here and there.

I remember
How we changed places
In the dance of life, and he was my child.
And I worried that he wear
Clean clothes and not wander away
Slept
With the doors locked from the inside

How he would laugh
Soft but cold
As dead hands
and tell me his wild dreams
That were becoming reality.

He had let me hold a bar
Of P&G soap and play on the rub-board
Like I was washing clothes.

He taught me language
With games and jokes

How could I not
Clean him when he fouled the bed
And hold his hands
And talk, not knowing
If he even heard?

—Robert Allen

To Hold

Trobie Washington Chitwood Sr.
could count on one hand amazement.
Three separate times
the saw lopped pieces of his fingers.
His digits dwindled like candles
with hours at Bald Knob Veneer,
Lane Furniture.

No wonder furniture
carries so many human parts,
feet, legs, arms, back.
Whenever his hand held
mine, I could feel
what wasn't there
more than what was.

Had he lived long enough
he might have lost all.
I hope my hands inherited
the need to hold
such a job,
the buzz, rattle and *prong*,
to wake amazed
in the moment you can stare
at the emptiness
that is part of yourself.

—Michael Chitwood

Phillip Ratliff

The Jericho Tree

They sensed the son-of-a-bitch was coming, though the quiet was still undisturbed by the approaching dust that mixed with the rising mists of morning. The heels of the boy's hardtoes tapped against the concrete bathhouse steps in a meaningless rhythm. The old man sipped from a battered thermos as his eyes followed the progress of the dust trail, shoulders hunched as if still seeking refuge from the 40-inch top of decades past. As the growl of the company truck became audible, Tad's dangling legs stilled. Another bout of coughing heaved the old man's form. The blob of phlegm that spattered the coal dust beside the steps was an easier sight for the boy than was the approaching vehicle, and Tad did not move his eyes until the scrunch of tires on gravel and the squeal of brakes forced him to raise his head.

"Well, I'll be goddamn! I told 'em I needed a good crew for this Saturday and look what they gave me—an old knocked-out and a goddamn hippie." Chester's frame filled the truck window like a side of beef as he leaned out. "Well, get in, children. I've got a good one for you today. We're gonna clear a road to the top of that Pond Hollow ridge so they can strip that little piece of top seam." The bulldog face wrinkled into a grin. "Looks like it's gonna be real hot today too, schoolboy."

They climbed into the bed of the pickup and tried to hang on as the truck spun out of the bathhouse driveway and hit the rutted mine road. Coal dust spewed from beneath the tires and settled in a gritty film that provoked another spasm of coughing from the old man. Tad reached out an arm to steady his companion as a jolt dislodged him from his perch. Will's face was already filthy, and he knew his own was just a bad. Nudging the old man, Tad grabbed a muddy crowbar from the floor of the truck bed, and pointing ahead at the rear window, made a thrusting, upward motion with the bar. Will gave only the thinnest hint of a smile in reply.

The land below emerged as the truck lurched steadily upward and the sun lifted the gauzy layers of morning. Green Diamond Coal's #1 preparation plant lay bared, a huge, black circle devoid of vegetation. A maze of tin-covered buildings, railroad gondolas and coal trucks squatted at the center. Roads spread darkness out in all directions, advancing up the outlying hillsides and ending in mine sites and gob piles. Only on the highest points was the green of spring still visible. Feeling Will's gnarled hand grasp his shoulder, Tad turned his eyes toward a distant, underlying hollow that had a shape as crooked as the old miner's pointing finger.

"Where that little creek there crosses Sim's holler is where your granddaddy's line and my pappy's met old man Mitchell's. Our people owned everthing on this side, mineral and all, until they made their marks for them lawyers that came around that winter. I was just a tadpole like you, but I can still 'member. There was a big snow on the ground..." The old man's voice trailed off into a gaze that lingered below.

The company truck topped out at the wooded border and jerked to a halt beneath the dewy webs and leaves of Pond Hollow ridge. A CAT dozer already sat there purring, its operator fumbling nervously for a cigarette as Chester launched himself from the truck seat and strode towards him. Tad understood when Will turned his back to the stand of trees and looked off at the distant hilltops islanded in fog. The old miner had seen generations of things run out of luck and fall quietly without a struggle.

"Ass-time is over with, children," boomed Chester as he strode back toward the truck. "Take these chain saws and keep 'em going. Follow the dozer man and keep that falling timber trimmed away from the road as he clears it. And take this hydraulic, and make damn sure you keep that dozer snake-oiled up; it's got a dribbling hose, like old Grandpappy, here." As Chester turned to leave, he glanced at the sharpened chain saws and patted Tad on the back. "Try to keep from fuckin' up now, schoolboy. Grandpappy won't miss his numb old dick if he cuts it off today, but them pansy-ass perfessers might teach you how to use yours one of these days."

The sun soon began to blaze its own road to the top of the sky. With their heavy saws the two figures followed the road gouged into the trees by the clanking CAT. Tad kept close watch on Will, amazed at the way his stooped, gaunt frame held up without complaint despite the smothering, blue haze of chain saw exhaust that mixed with oily diesel smoke and rifle-shot cracks of splintering, falling timber that to keep the boy panting and jumpy. As the day progressed, he noticed the CAT was occasionally slowed by deep-rooted oaks and hickorys that were too large to push over. The dozer upended these virgin trees by digging deep, root-cutting trenches around their bases. But these intervals did little to slacken the pace of the two workers under Chester's watchful eye until the foreman's bellow

signaled the arrival of lunchtime.

Tad and Will ate in silence under a leaning hickory. The boy noticed his companion's can of Vienna went largely untouched. "Chester would be worried if he knew you'd lost your appetite, Will." He speared one of the sausages with the corner of a cracker and shook it in front of Will's face.

"Why don't you knock off the rest of the day and get him to run you back to the bathhouse? Old bottom-seamers like you can only stand so much sun, since you're used to sitting on your hind-end all the time underground," joked Tad. A half-smile of yellowed tooth stumps appeared as the old man leaned back and watched wisps of clouds hopscotch across the hilltops, resting from their long climb of early morning.

The afternoon sun was twice as hot as the morning's when work resumed. Humid heat made the leaves hang as limp as dishrags there on the highest point of the Pond Hollow ridge. Within a half-hour Tad was a piece of sweat-soaked, sawdust-caked misery. He couldn't help thinking about his buddies down at Pikeville who didn't have to work during the summer. He was wondering which air-conditioned lecture they were taking in at the moment when the CAT's diesel suddenly hushed its staccato racket. Tad swapped glances with Will and slowly walked with him to where the dozer now crouched at the end of a road cut some two hundred yards deep into the timber. Tiny paced in front of his machine's yawning blade, mopping at his face and peering at something ahead. When the two followers reached the dozer, its sawed-off operator turned to Will with a high-pitched whine.

"Got a problem here, ol' Will. What do you think?"

The D-8 CAT had arrived at a spot where an ancient outcropping of limestone jutted out to form a small shelf on the sloping ridge. Such flat-top cliffs were common along the ridges and slopes of Pond Hollow. What was uncommon about this particular shelf was that rising from its middle was the most massive white oak Tad had ever seen. Hoary with age, with a trunk as wide as a pickup truck and branches as thick as Chester, such a specimen made even old Will stare in appreciation. The ground in front had been scraped bare and told the story of the dozer's futile efforts thus far to topple the huge tree. The white of limestone glistened like bone around roots the breadth of a man's body, which had penetrated through fissures in the shelf to the earth somewhere beneath, anchoring the tree in solid rock.

"Can't budge the bastard," swore the sweaty operator. "Can't get to the roots 'cause they're in the rock. Can't get around the right side 'cause it puts me too close to the edge of the cliff, and ain't room to get between the left side and the hill. And I can't widen it none there by dozing out the hillside, cause it's cliff, too, and solid rock. What's a body to do? Reckon he'll let me take the road higher up the ridge above this big bugger, or lower down?" Tiny asked as the three walked around the trunk beneath the massive branches.

"You ain't playin' on MTV here, Schoolboy," spat the boss.

Will startled his fellow workers with a sudden mumble. "Member now. Used to could see this side of the ridge from old man Mitchell's porch. Called this the Jericho Tree 'cause it was so old and never blowed down. Said it must be waitin' on ol' Josh."

A closer inspection revealed the tree had past contacts with humanity; rusted nail heads jutted from the lichen-mottled bark in several places, and initials long ago carved into the trunk but weathered to the point of illegibility were still faintly visible. The three workers walked back to the CAT and splinted tired backs against its blade as they pondered the situation a scant moment before Chester's truck bounced into sight and slid to a halt.

"Goddammit, children, pottytime was over an hour ago. What-in-hell's the matter here, Tiny?" growled the foreman, slamming the door of the four-wheel drive and stomping past to survey the huge piece of timber in front while Tiny whined his predicament. Chester needed only a moment to size up the situation and return to the dozer.

"You ain't playin' on MTV here, schoolboy," spat the boss as he gripped Tad and Will in a malevolent stare. "Move your asses and get those friggin' saws into that tree. Should have already been cuttin' on it, dammit. Once we get it sawed all the way around it won't stay up much longer than old Grandpappy's root will, here," he sniggered, turning upon his heel.

But Tad and Will had not been sawing five minutes when sparks erupted as chainsaws met barked-over nails and wire that quickly dulled the saws and made them useless. Chester shook his head and stared at the two workers for a moment before jerking a thumb toward the tool compartment of his truck and motioning for the dozer operator to head for the tree once again.

During the tedious process of filing and sharpening each chain saw bit, Tad listened as the blade of the D-8 met the solid grain of the oak, pushing against it with all the force that eight hundred stainless horses could produce. The metal tracks of the dozer spun and screeched against the limestone floor of the shelf, grinding rock dust like flour around the straining machine. Again and again, Tiny backed the dozer up and tried short, jousting charges that ended in ground-jarring collisions. But he gained little except twigs and drifting leaves. His efforts to angle the dozer's blade and use its tilted edge to gouge the large, gnarled roots from the deep cracks of the cliff

were unsuccessful as well, producing only chipped pieces of gravel and meager strips of bark. An attempt to force a road between hillside and tree by digging a piece from the side of the outcropping produced a final failure as the blade of the CAT banged and scraped against solid limestone. At length Chester seemed to tire of looking at his watch and shaking his head. At his bellow, louder than the growl of the big diesel, Tiny stilled the machine and slowly dismounted from his perch.

Despite his interest in the ongoing events in front of him, and the concentration required in razoring the jagged sawbits, Tad's attention had been increasingly drawn to the figure beside him. A transformation seemed to have taken place inside of Will during the past hour. The former blank expression was now one of a lively animation; thin limbs that had earlier moved slowly and stiffly now moved quickly about their job. The boy was amazed when the old miner turned to him after the dozer ceased its clanking, and with a slap of leathery palms, cackled, "Son-of-a-bitch will never get it down. That ol' white oak will be there when that blowin' Chester falls and splits hell wide open." Will wheezed for what seemed an eternity to Tad until a cursing bellow and wave from Chester brought them to their feet. Tad watched his partner with growing concern as he followed Will's eerie, light-stepped gait back to the tree.

Once again chain saws split the quiet with their raucous snarling. But despite a new cutting site lower down on the massive trunk, sparks showered as the saws of both workers met the imbedded mail of rusted fence wire. Chester waited until the streams of sawdust had slowed to trickles before motioning for the saws to be shut off. The foreman's fists clenched so tightly that the huge knuckles turned white before he pointed Tad and Will to the trunk of an uprooted black gum lying at the edge of the road.

"Go over there and sit on your asses," said Chester. "Hell, that's all you've done today, anyway. Go with them, Tiny, in case they need to wipe. And stay out of my goddamn way before I forget that I'm a Baptist. Someone's got to do some work here today, by God." Chester stomped off and mounted the idling dozer, throwing it in gear and heading full throttle toward the tree as if it would break in the same manner as a man. Time after time the company man battered at the big oak in charges that threatened to shatter both machine and tree. The tree swayed and creaked. Leaves fell—like tears, it seemed to the boy—and several long-dead top branches struck the metal canopy of the dozer in a fashion that made Tad think of stones hurled from some history book battlement. Ragged strips of bark began to hang from the trunk, exposing splinters of white-grained flesh beneath.

While the afternoon light lengthened, Tad's anxiety mounted as he watched Will cackle and curse and shake a gnarled fist when the tree still stood after each of Chester's bludgeons. Tiny had also been spooked by the change in the old man and slunk away to file on a chain saw. The wheezing laughter, the tortured diesel and the grating of steel tracks against limestone churned Tad's stomach. Half smothered by the choking haze of powdered rock and the stench of smoking hydraulic oil, the boy suddenly bowed his head, spewing vomit into the underbrush at his feet. Ashamed, he kept his head down and acted as though searching for something on the ground until an abrupt silence covered him like a cool compress.

Tad raised his face and turned toward the dozer. The D-8 was smothered in a greyish fog of oily smoke, and Tad realized that the leaking hydraulic hose had finally given way. He also knew that there was nothing Chester could do about it at this late hour, that he had finally lost a fight—been stood up to by something, if not someone, for once in his life.

The foreman emerged from the cloud of haze like an apparition, ghosted by talcumed limestone from head to hardtoe. He walked slowly to the black gum log and sat without a word, looking at the smoking dozer and the tree. Something about his quietness gave warning to those present. Tad resumed his staring at the ground, and a grinning Will turned his head away. For long minutes Chester sat as if in a trance. The quiet was almost as hard for Tad to endure as the previous din had been, and he was actually relieved when Chester finally stood up and spoke.

"Tiny," said Chester with a startling softness, "Go ahead and knock off and drive these gentlemen off the hill. Leave my truck at the bathhouse. I'll call Hookie for a ride." The foreman walked to his truck and slid inside, rolling the window up as he reached for the CB.

Before the sweat had dried on their backs, Tad and Will were seated in the back of the pickup as it began the bouncing, twisting trip off the mountain. Tad looked at the old white oak, its strips of tattered bark hanging like a rended garment, until the dropping road erased it from sight. He felt good, as good as he could ever remember feeling, and he slowly leaned back and relaxed. Will began to chew his first twist of the day with the rotten-toothed grin that made Tad smile against the swirling dust. He wondered absentmindedly why Chester had waited to ride off with old Hookie John, the two-bit illegal mine operator across the ridge who still blasted coal from the solid to save money instead of cutting it out like everyone else did to save men. As the truck bed jolted from side to side, Tad watched Will shoot tobacco juice with considerable skill into one of the foreman's rubber boots lying on the floor. He let his thoughts drift with satisfaction back to the events of the day, back to the old tree.

And then he knew. With a sudden, soul-numbing sickness, Tad knew as the truck lurched all the way down the mountain road with the old man cackling and spitting contentedly. The boy bowed his head, and the heels of his hardtoes tapped the truckbed floor in a meaningless rhythm when a rumbling thunder filled the cloudless sky. A sudden shaft of sunlight slanted down through a gap in the distant treeline overhead to bronze the two figures as they faded into the descending shadows and mists of evening.

Phil Ratliff is a native of Eastern Kentucky, where the strip mines loom above the home where he grew up. He holds a B.A. degree in English from Pikeville College and is pursuing graduate studies in creative writing.

Notes from the Field

Rubye Wilkerson Beck

A Rural Community Study

Johnson County, Tennessee

Johnson County, which is wedged in the far northeastern corner of Tennessee, is mountainous with a sparse population of just over 14,000. Major sources of employment are small textile and related industries. The county's largest employer for many years, Burlington Industries, which at one time employed 3,000, shut down in 1987. That closing contributed to a 30 percent unemployment rate the following year. In 1990, the 7.3 percent rate was still higher than the national average of 5.5 percent.

Small-scale, often part-time agriculture—predominantly tobacco growing—is common, though income from farming represents only 7.7 percent of personal earnings in the county. Many local people see the economy looking better these days, with the recent openings of the Northeast Tennessee Correctional Institution, a medium-security prison, and Sara Lee Knits and with an increase in tourism.

The picture is not rosy, however; 65 percent of the households had incomes of less than $20,000 per year, and about half of these were less than $10,000 per year (from the summer of 1989 to summer of 1990). Of the adults we interviewed, 28 percent had no high school, 19 percent had completed some high school, 45 percent were high school graduates, and eight percent were college graduates.

A major concern in the county today is the lack of a hospital. The local hospital closed in 1988 due to local circumstances and to nationwide economic issues affecting small hospitals.

Although I am a native Tennessean, and the word "y'all" is a natural part of my vocabulary, the fact that I am basically a city girl was brought home to me several times during the summer of 1990, when I worked as a field coordinator and interviewer on a community-based study of health care in Johnson County, Tenn. One sunny morning I was interviewing a farm couple on their front porch while the wife was doing laundry with a noisy electric wringer washer. The noise was such that I failed to notice the approach of an aggressive rooster who took advantage of the fact that I had worn sandals to give my bare foot an emphatic peck. I jumped from the chair, my papers flying everywhere. Since the injury was confined mostly to my pride, I was able to complete the interview. On another occasion I asked for my sandwich on whole wheat bread in a little country store/gas station/cafe/bait shop. I realized my blunder when the woman at the counter looked at me as though I'd asked for something distinctly un-American. Overall, though, I was made to feel at home in Johnson County by the hospitality and openness of the people I met.

I was driving up the dusty gravel lane looking for the small yellow house. It was back off the road behind a cluster of oaks and maples. Wearing my East Tennessee State University interviewer badge with my notebook in hand, I walked up to the door and knocked. An elderly woman walked slowly through the living room and past the door. She didn't stop. I knocked again, this time setting her parakeet to squawking. Still she didn't come to the door. I was beginning to think this was her way of subtly declining to be interviewed and was about to leave when she finally opened the door. She was stooped with arthritis and wore thick glasses and a hearing aid. I realized she just hadn't heard me at first.

With the parakeet still complaining I explained to her my purpose in visiting. Still not quite sure why I was there, since she couldn't hear me very well, she invited me inside to sit anyway.

I was there to administer an in-depth questionnaire about health care problems and needs in Johnson County. Besides health questions, we were asking people to tell us their concerns about problems in their county and their opinions on several other topics. Such a survey was new to Johnson County; in fact, this comprehensive survey of a single community with interviews with all household members is unique. The Department of Family Medicine, the School of Nursing and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at ETSU were sponsoring the study in anticipation of Department of Family Medicine and School of Nursing clinics that were to open in the county.

I and my fellow interviewers were visiting 271 households in the town of Mountain City and in six outlying areas in Johnson County. Unless they'd read about our project in the local paper, *The Tomahawk*, those on whose doors we knocked did not know what we were about. But most often we were invited to sit down on the porch or in the living room and offered a glass of lemonade or sweet, dark iced tea.

Most of the interview consisted of a structured questionnaire, but in the process of asking survey questions and in conversations before and after the formal interviews, I could personally see problems and strengths beyond what the survey documented. I was especially

impressed by the way individuals in the community dealt with disability. The elderly woman who hadn't heard me at the door was a good example.

She sat right next to me so she could hear my questions, patting my hand throughout much of the interview. I found out that in addition to vision and hearing problems and the arthritis I'd suspected when I first saw her at the door, this 85-year-old woman had diabetes, which she called "the sugar," and asthma. She couldn't see well enough to do much cooking and could barely hear the phone. Still, she managed to live on her own pretty well because she had family close by who kept an eye on her. One of her sons brought her dinner nearly every night and took her to doctor appointments. Other family members helped her shop and care for her home. Without their help, she would almost certainly be a candidate for a nursing home, where I doubt she would be allowed to keep her lively pet.

Despite the barrier of her hearing and vision problems, she was alert and answered nearly all my questions. We did confuse each other once, though, when I asked whether or not she smoked. She said, "Just my pipe," which I accepted at face value. Later, however, as she showed me around her home, she asked, "Honey, do you want to see my pipe?" She showed me an inhalation device she used for her asthma treatment.

I encountered several other people with serious health problems who were able to manage with the help of family, and our survey confirmed that this practice was widespread. Of all the people interviewed, 17 percent had moderate health limitations and four percent were severely or totally disabled. About two-thirds of those with health limitations received help from someone, most often a family member.

Family help is not always available or enough, however. One man I interviewed who was in his early 30s had been in an auto accident just over a year before our interview. As we sat drinking the coffee he had painstakingly prepared, I began asking questions. Some of his answers came slowly, he sighed a lot; tears came to his eyes once or twice, and to mine as well. His physical condition was quite poor, with some paralysis, chronic pain and other continuing problems from head trauma. He described himself as totally disabled, saying he was "ruint." His income was extremely low. He was unable to work and pretty much kept to himself all the time. He seemed quite depressed and did not hold much hope for his future. He was receiving medical care and physical therapy in Johnson City, over an hour's drive away. In this case, medical care closer to home and other support services were badly needed.

Although this man's health care needs may not be typical, they do reflect real and pressing local concerns. The majority of those interviewed expressed a strong desire for the hospital to reopen. They had a variety of reasons, but the need for a nearby emergency room was dominant, particularly for auto accidents and other life-threatening emergencies. As it is, the nearest hospitals are from 30 minutes to over an hour's drive for most Johnson County residents, more if the roads are icy. Another expressed need was for a variety of specialists.

The health care issues in Johnson County were not always as clear as they were for the man who was disabled by the car accident. One interview was particularly striking in the contrast between the family's apparent well-being and the pressing issues just beneath the surface.

As I walked up the driveway of another Johnson County home, I saw a young mother sitting in the porch swing of her large, well-kept home, watching her energetic toddler make mud pies beneath a large tree in the front yard. I thought this would be a healthy and happy family, pleasant and easy to interview.

In fact, the woman was friendly, easily sharing information about herself, her toddler and her older child, all of them in excellent health. Her husband had a good job in a neighboring county; they seemed to lack for nothing. However, when I asked one of my questions, whether or not anyone close to her had died in the recent past, she paused and looked out in the yard for a minute or so. She told me

Archives of Appalachia

Mathias William Jackson's store in Mountain City, circa 1902.

that her oldest child had died a few years ago from leukemia.

Furthermore, several other children in the same area of the county had also died of leukemia in recent years. No one had ever been able to explain to her satisfaction why her child died, but she suspects many causes, from contaminated water to pesticides sprayed on the green bean crop, which had once been an economic mainstay in this county. She is concerned about cancer risks for her surviving children, but so far they are healthy. Although environmental health researchers are currently investigating this problem, there are as yet no concrete results to allay or confirm her suspicions.

She was not the only person to express such concerns. One of the interview questions was what people thought were the most important health problems in their county. Cancer was mentioned by over a fourth, second only to the need to reopen the hospital. People had a variety of theories for why there was so much cancer, from the pesticides already mentioned to too much smoking, too much fat in the diet and exposure to dangerous substances at work. Still others thought that there wasn't any more cancer in Johnson County than in other places; it just seemed like it because it's a close-knit community, and everyone knows about it when someone is sick. Whichever theory is correct, this woman's loss is quite real.

Another important concern—which certainly affects the health status of a community—was the employment picture. But determining the employment picture is complicated. I remember one family in particular who illustrated that issue. We provided each other with an interesting afternoon.

As the clouds gathered for the first rain that summer, I drove up to an old, rambling farmhouse. Several people, along with a couple of dogs, were sitting on the front porch. I got out of the state car I was driving, waved hello and walked on up. Before I had finished my long-winded speech about who I was, the woman of the house said she'd read about us in the paper and wouldn't I come on in before the rain started.

She and her two teenaged daughters were happy to talk, but her husband stayed outside. As the four of us sat down, I explained that I would prefer to interview them one at a time, but they preferred to stay in the room. At one point during the couple of hours I was there, nine people were in the room. That made me a little self-conscious, as if I were the afternoon's entertainment.

I found out that this family was very involved in their church and was in the middle of vacation Bible school that week. The mother was concerned that her girls be brought up in the church and that they stay out of trouble, such as drug abuse and teenage pregnancy. One of the interview questions asked about the county's biggest problems. This mother, like many other respondents, was concerned about the bad influences on young people of drugs, unemployment and "nothing to do."

The man of the house had up until a few years ago been employed at a local factory, but was at this time farming, earning less than $5,000 per year. Maybe because he heard us discussing him and wanted a chance to tell his own story his way, he came in off the porch to be interviewed. He confirmed what his wife had told me about his work situation and referred to himself at different points in the interview both as working and as unemployed. His situation and many others like his point to the problem of underemployment, which often goes unmeasured in official statistics. People who are farming tobacco or other crops may get listed as working, but their standard of living may be much worse than it was in the past when they had outside jobs in addition to farming.

In fact, when we asked our subjects what was their main activity for the past 12 months, we found little unemployment; 54 percent said they were employed, 23 percent were homemakers, 6 percent were in school, 12 percent were retired and only 2 percent were unemployed (with 4 percent describing their main activity in some other way). But in some cases it was hard to distinguish between retirement and unemployment, since several respondents had retired "early" (before age 65) due to plant closings or layoffs. Some of the women who identified themselves as homemakers had also experienced layoffs or plant closings in recent years. This would suggest that the official unemployment rate did not include a number of men and women who lost jobs or who were unable to find jobs and went ahead and retired or became homemakers.

The members of the farm family I interviewed had not recently had any serious health problems, which was a good thing, since they had no health insurance and very little money. They are part of the more than 15 percent of survey respondents age 16 and over who did not have any kind of health insurance.

By the end of the summer our eight researchers had completed 592 interviews. In order to interview as many household members as possible, we visited many houses several times, going back on weekends and evenings and interviewing some of the farmers when it rained. Every summer interviewers including myself plan to visit the families we surveyed in 1990. We hope over the years to continue to learn about the long-term concerns of Johnson County.

My experience interviewing and getting to know many of these families showed me that Johnson County is a place of contrasts: the natural beauty of emerald valleys and cool blue mountains existing side-by-side with some serious concerns such as unemployment, poverty and various health problems.

But when I remember those months of interviewing, I think not only about statistics, but about the curving country roads, tours of vegetable gardens, cherished photos of grandchildren, juicy summer-ripe tomatoes, a startled deer in the tall grass by the road, walking up a long dusty driveway surrounded by yellow-and-black butterflies, an ancient farmer in coveralls, the gnarled arthritic hands of a middle-aged woman courageously trying to keep her house neat and the shouting voices of children playing.

Because of the guarantee of confidentiality, names and identifying characteristics of those interviewed have been omitted.

Rubye Beck, Ph.D., is a sociologist working as a research associate in the Department of Family Medicine at East Tennessee State University.

Rapture

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms.
In the arms of my dear Savior,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

On Tuesday afternoons, the Chattanooga
Bible Study Group met in the basement
playroom and read The Revelation.
I heard the Word of God drift up the stairs.
Those nights I prayed a prayer five times
into my pillow, then saved a place for Jesus
in my bed. He slipped in late, after I was sleeping,
and still I dreamed of highwires strung up
Judgment's rocky chasms. I was saved,
but knew the *soul* baptized, not body,
made salvation take. Mother reassured me
I'd know it if it happened, but, after the revival,
I worried when alone whether cartwheels
in my chest could have been the Pentecost.

Waiting on the sidewalk for a glimpse of Mother's car,
still trembling from the goosestep of Miss Trentham's metronome,
I dreaded trumpets, quiet as dog whistles,
had called helium souls up, and abandoned me.
I could see our Oldsmobile careening,
driverless, down Dayton Boulevard, the unsaved
drivers strangely blinded to the cars of the elect
flipping upside down in ditches, and leaping,
wild and jilted, off the mountains.
Mother pulled up with a quick honk, and I rushed
to the car, but knew: some other day a blast
of change would upturn all I understood
about requirements of the flesh.

So I watched and waited and wanted to be ready
to slip through Death's hands when the dead
in Christ and saved on earth shimmied up
like July heat off blacktop.
During hide-and-seek, if the rustle of leaves grew farther,
farther, till so small it disappeared,
and the woods slipped into a strange noon silence,
I'd count *three hundred thirty three,*
then leave my hiding place and search myself.
And if our dirt-dug fallout shelter
and the shipwrecked oak were empty, and the clump
of pines drowning in a cataract of kudzu,
I'd stop and listen for Gabriel's horn —
it might be faint and maybe I'd mistaken it
for the whine of a mosquito, the far-off scream of a red-tailed hawk . . .
Back home, breathless, I'd start to count:
Mother, brother, then each kid who, slowly,
through the window, resurfaced in the street to pop
hot tar bubbles or ride a bike.

But on Sunday afternoons at Grandma's I'd hurry
through my cobbler, ask to be excused, then slip inside
her room to watch the picture hung above her bed.
Barefoot, He stood in the blare of sun,
angels multiplied like cumulus behind Him.
I prayed for soles like His to walk blue flames of air.
Each week his eyes followed me as I drew
close — first to memorize the river of his robe,
then closer, the landscape of hidden legs
and chest and arms outstretched, red scripture
of lips teaching me new prayers.

Lynn Powell

Lynn Powell was born and raised a Southern Baptist in East Tennessee. Other poems from her manuscript, ***Old and New Testaments,*** *have appeared in a number of magazines including* ***Zone 3, Carolina Quarterly*** *and* ***The Greensboro Review.***

Paul Salstrom

Grass-roots leadership in Appalachia: a contradiction in terms?

Still looking for answers from the people, and further thoughts on John Gaventa, Myles Horton, the capitalist system and Highlander Center.

When John Gaventa wrote *Power and Powerlessness: Quiescence and Rebellion in an Appalachian Valley* in 1980, he asked, "Why, in an oppressed community where one might intuitively expect upheaval, does one instead find, or appear to find, quiescence?"

Writing of Kentucky coal miners in the early 1890s near Middlesboro (near Cumberland Gap), Gaventa reasoned that:

> their silence cannot be assumed to be consensus, nor inherent in their nature as peasant-like mountaineers or members of a working class. Comparison with adjoining minefields shows that there was a capacity for collective action and, indeed, a consciousness of class interests expressed by similar populations nearby. That these did not develop in the 'Magic City' [Middlesboro], where the conditions of the miners were apparently worse than elsewhere, reflected the capacity of greater power in Middlesboro, in its multiple dimensions, for encouraging the acquiescence of the miners in this new social order.

In other words, the scale and the pervasiveness of the economic intervention carried out by coal developers at Middlesboro seemed to have made miners quiescent there.

Recently Gaventa modified the interpretation he set forth in *Power and Powerlessness*. Last year in *Now and Then*, he told interviewer Jane Woodside that he has rethought his ideas of the quiescence of Middlesboro's early miners:

> part of the quiescence was a virtue of what I was seeing, not of what was really going on. I [now] think there were a lot more forms of resistance that I didn't think of as resistance, cultural forms of resistance. I'd been taught to think about action in a fairly narrow way. You have to see organizations that are taking some sort of visible action. I think what I've learned since then is that people resist in other ways. They resist by developing their own culture. They resist by passing along stories and traditions from family to family. All of these sources of culture become strengths when the time is right to take more organized action.

Well, all right, but when *is* the time right to take more organized action? Who is supposed to decide? Would Gaventa now say that the time wasn't yet right in the 1890s?

I come from an earlier political generation than John Gaventa, and something I found peculiar about his analysis of the 1890s at Middlesboro was his omission of any discussion of leadership. In an earlier day, any report of political quiescence in the midst of oppression would likely have prompted radicals to ask, "Where were the leaders? *Were* there any?"

Born in 1947, Gaventa came of age in the 1960s. *Before* the 1960s, most radicals assumed that movements required leaders. Then in the early 60s, many young radicals committed themselves to what the 1962 Port Huron Statement called 'participatory democracy.' The idea was that authentic movements emerge from people as a group or as a community, and that they don't need anything imposed from the top down by authority. Highlander Folk School had spread that idea and so too had radical theorist and activist Saul Alinsky. Starting in 1962, Robert Parris Moses tried to evoke participatory democracy during voter registration drives in Mississippi.

My own impression as a historian is that all major movements have had leaders with the exception of mobs, which can be major although short-lived. Even if people *do* follow change-oriented leaders, they might admittedly remain powerless, but they don't remain quiescent. And of course leadership itself bestows power *within* a movement (which is why so many radicals have tried to do without it), but the fact remains that the degree of participation in most past movements for change has been roughly proportional to the presence of change-oriented leaders, whereas an absence of change-oriented leaders has gone with quiescence.

What I'm getting at here is that movements and leadership go together. And—turning now to Appalachia—if a culture or an economic system is operated in a manner that's *antithetical* to explicit leadership, then it's also going to be, I think, antithetical to movements. Specifically, the culture and economic system traditionally operated by Appalachia's farmers and farmer-miners *was* antithetical to explicit leadership and I think that may be the main reason it was often antithetical to movements.

Appalachia's traditional manner of conducting economic relations seems to me relevant to the question of leadership. Before industrialization began in Appalachia, a dense network of non-monetary economic systems flourished in the region—and they continued flourishing despite the onset of industrialization. Those economic systems used little money because little money was available to the people involved. They were systems developed as expedients. They've long been called "subsistence systems." Some call them "bartering systems," and John Mack Faragher, who investigates the early-settlement period in the

Midwestern region calls them a "borrowing system." Others talk of "household economies," or of "voluntary reciprocity," and indeed all of these terms describe aspects of such economic systems. And although the capitalist system with its contracted labor and its contracted everything-else has always been present to some extent—present even in *pre*industrial Appalachia—it used to be quite secondary to the region's subsistence-barter-and-borrow systems (which is what I personally call those traditional systems).

And the plural usage is something I put here intentionally ("system*s*") because these systems were never unifiable into a single system. Since they lacked a medium of exchange, they were based instead on trust and mutuality. They were operated as informal membership groups—and although they didn't operate exclusively among kinfolk, kinship did serve as the major entree.

Now, within the workings of these systems a certain logic proved functional and beneficial—a certain set of values and assumptions—a certain culture (if you will) or call it a state of mind. Since little purchasing power was available, people could best assure their security (and could also best "get ahead," if that was their goal) if everyone else in their neighborhood owed them favors. It wasn't usually spoken that crudely, or probably even felt that crudely, for an elaborate web of etiquette was spun around the harsh economic logic of what people were doing. And since all the labor exerted within a subsistence-barter-and-borrow system was exerted *voluntarily*, and since all the goods contributed were also provided voluntarily, therefore one of the *most* concealed or muted aspects of such systems was their leadership aspect. At most people were *asked* to do something. There weren't any bosses.

Even if we look at explicit barter agreements within these subsistence-barter-and-borrow systems, they don't look much like capitalist-system contracts because the exchanges which occurred simultaneously were less common than exchanges which were delayed to suit mutual convenience—requiring that the participants calculate in a spirit of empathy.

I think the pervasiveness in Appalachia of subsistence-barter-and-borrow systems helps to explain why relatively few mountaineers accepted capitalist-style leadership or tried to become capitalists themselves. Although hundreds of thousands of Appalachians have worked *under* capitalist leadership, most of them were simultaneously continuing to operate their subsistence-barter-and-borrow systems during their years of coal mining, timbering or other industrial work. Even in company-owned coal towns, most mining families kept some livestock and raised gardens as late as the 1920s, and probably well beyond. And they continued to utilize voluntary reciprocity more than contractual agreements in their economic relations with each other.

But then why, you may wonder, if Appalachia's people proved generally immune to the capitalist ethos—then why were they often so long reluctant to cooperate with labor-union organizers who *likewise* rejected capitalist values, who indeed believed in mutuality and in labor-centric values no less thoroughly than Appalachia's farmer-miners believed in them?

Here it's important to remember that most early labor organizers were outsiders. And the mountains' local reciprocity networks lacked "currency" in more than merely a monetary sense. They lacked money, yes, but they also lacked universality—their values weren't abstract. The local exchange systems, based as they were on trust, were informal membership systems. Furthermore, just about everyone in any given locality was more-or-less involved in its non-monetary networking. During the early phases of coal development, even coal operators and their families were often involved in neighborhood reciprocity. Union organizers, if they were outsiders, *weren't* involved in the local networks. Thus, even if their attitude toward all humanity was virtually identical to the attitude held by farmer-miners toward their fellow locals, they participated in quite different systems. Labor organizers, as members of a movement tied to capitalist economic relations, resorted to formal contracts rather than to voluntary reciprocity to achieve their objectives.

Since little purchasing power was available, people could best assure their security if everyone else in their neighborhood owed them favors. It wasn't usually spoken that crudely, or probably even felt that crudely, for an elaborate web of etiquette was spun around the harsh economic logic of what people were doing.

When Highlander Folk School began to organize in the Southern Mountains in 1932, like the labor organizers, they encountered disjunction between traditional Appalachian values and those of the urban industrial world that was encroaching upon them. Participants often had profound disjunctions to sort out among themselves while jointly trying to influence larger events. Horton's personal vision had roots in his successful 1927 summer as a community catalyst near the town of Ozone in Grundy County, Tenn. From that experience came Highlander's motto, "The answers must come from the people." But by 1932 Horton had also grown interested in organized labor, in socialism and in John Dewey's educational philosophy. Dewey had long sought to overcome what he called "the isolation of knowledge and practice" from each other. Dewey's idea was that practice comes first, not knowledge. Knowledge derives from practice.

Saul Alinsky, in his brash way, would later label this as education through "rationalizations and self-justifications," but Myles Horton and others at Highlander didn't just want to rationalize their actions, they wanted to analyze them. But why not analyze *first, before taking* action? Because that's not how people learn. As Horton put this in his 1990 autobiography, *The*

Long Haul, ". . . you learn anything—by doing it. I believed then and still believe that you learn from your experience of doing something and by your analysis of that experience."

According to John M. Glen's history of Highlander (*Highlander: No Ordinary School*, published by University Press of Kentucky in 1988), the school's first letterhead announced two goals: "to conserve and enrich the indigenous cultural values of the mountains" but also "to educate rural and industrial leaders for a new social order." Highlander had been created on the cusp where the national labor movement butted up against rural Appalachia's indigenous culture. A considerable contradiction in fact existed between trying to conserve "indigenous cultural values" and trying to educate "leaders for a new social order." Rural Appalachia had a social order which was *already* based on the cultural values of its people, and those cultural values were antithetical to explicit leadership.

But then why were so many mountaineers working as miners or loggers under capitalist leadership? Because, faced with a subsistence crisis partly of their own making, many rural Appalachians had begun supplementing their networks of barter and voluntary reciprocity by going to work for low wages from companies that were stripping the region of its natural resources and sending them (as well as the profits) elsewhere. Having helped to draw outside "developers" into the region by their willingness to work cheaply, Appalachians eventually also began cooperating with outside labor organizers as a way to raise their wages and improve working conditions. But actually to *become* a labor organizer represented as great a further step as becoming a capitalist.

In recent years these issues have not been as sharp in Appalachia as they were almost 60 years ago when Highlander was founded, but I doubt if anyone could say that voluntary reciprocity and capitalist relations (including capitalist labor relations) have yet found common ground with each other.

Paul Salstrom is visiting assistant professor of history at West Virginia University.

We Learn to Love the Cherokee

First trip from Piedmont to anywhere,
four cousins, two grandparents, one
hot '59 Chevy Impala, three
hours west to feed our lunch
to wild black bears, ride
the Tweetsie, see dark natives
in beaded moccasins dance,
wax-haired women in silent circles
weave blankets, baskets, tie
turquoise trinkets to rawhide strings.
(We see a squaw smoke a Salem,
drink coke — fake, we all agree,
half-breed or renegade.)
Grandpa buys us tomahawks;
we scalp each other all the way
to the Trail of Tears Motel.
Back home we scour the playground
for wampum, the woods for arrowheads,
and begin to collect rusted
black feathers from eagles that have
fallen like warriors in our yard.

Roar

See it, smell it, taste it,
one hundred black sewing machines pump
up-down-up-down all day, all night,
first shift, second shift, third shift,
smooth as generations come and go.
Up close, stitches slip, too much oil
stains white cotton.

Then he comes,
white shirt, brown tie, daughter
trailing behind like loose thread.
He'll fix anything, old gears, tired
bones, sick worries. When they see him,
smile. Hard work is easy
as breathing.

Day he goes, not much change.
Whisper echoes above the roar, tears
cut through, up-down-up-down
never stops, never stops.
Only the little girl
at the door holds her ears.

— Barbara Presnell

Barbara Presnell is a North Carolina native now living in Kentucky and working as poet-in-residence for the Kentucky Arts Council.

year and a half after Odell Maggard got "juiced," the second suit was settled with Chaney Creek agreeing to pay damages.

At that time, Tony Oppegard was virtually the only attorney in Eastern Kentucky prepared to help Odell Maggard. "You could not get a private attorney in Eastern Kentucky to sue a coal company. They just wouldn't do it." But Maggard couldn't have been in better hands with his free legal services attorney. In his years in Hazard, Oppegard became the nation's leading expert on coal mine safety law. Now, with the opening of the Mine Safety Project in Lexington this year, Oppegard is devoting full time to coal mine safety cases.

Tony Oppegard has been working with total involvement and commitment to easing the dangers of coal mining for more than a decade. A tall, bearded 40-year-old, Oppegard was reared in a comfortable home—his father owned a radio station—in Somerset, Pa. He first came to Eastern Kentucky in 1971 as a college student to work in a summer program for children. After he graduated from Notre Dame the following year, a priest in Floyd County talked him into returning as a social worker. "I wasn't trained in social work. It was on-the-job training. I did want to do something that I thought would help people."

Law school came several years and soul searches later. "I went to law school with the intent of coming back to Eastern Kentucky. Having lived in Eastern Kentucky and seeing people I thought were trampled over on a daily basis, I figured I might be able to do something about that. I really struggled when I was in law school with whether I wanted to be an attorney. I did not have a very high opinion of the law when I started. I didn't have stars in my eyes about what lawyers were or what the legal system was."

In fact, he was cynical. "I don't buy the notion that law school tries to give students—that courts are fair and that litigants go into court on an equal footing and the law determines which party is correct. That's just wrong. I didn't believe it when I started law school, and I don't believe it now. The law is not equal for poor people and rich people. Litigants do not go into court on equal footing. Judges do not base their decisions necessarily on what the law is."

When he finished law school in 1980, he went to work for Appalred in Hazard and soon began seeing miners who were fired from jobs because they refused to work under conditions they thought were unsafe. Though he had never spent a day in a coal mine until a visit this year, he gained an intimate knowledge of coal mining: the processes, types of mines and machinery.

His office was the only recourse for many Eastern Kentucky miners confronted with dangerous working conditions. In these largely non-union mines, Oppegard points out, "There is no grievance process. Union mines have safety committees. They have a provision in their contract, a right to refuse dangerous work. There are a lot of unemployed miners in Eastern Kentucky, and the companies here really have control over the work force. They feel they can force miners to work under whatever conditions they impose." And Eastern Kentucky is dotted with small mines that may cut corners to save money. But miners in this part of the country often get fired if they are unwilling to take undue risks. "That happens around here quite regularly. Sometimes they're fired just for complaining," says Oppegard.

He cites cases. "I had a case where a miner was fired who refused to work when his cap light was burned out. He was working off the light of one of his co-workers. I had a case where a miner was fired for refusing to drive a shuttle car that had no brakes, no lights. I've had cases of miners who refused to ride illegal beltlines in and out of the mines and miners who refused to continue working when they thought the roof was going to fall. Those are just examples."

Miners have the right to refuse to do work they think is dangerous under the Federal Mine Safety and Health Act of 1977. But many miners, not knowing there is a law that protects them, simply quit their jobs when conditions become more than they are willing to handle. "I'm constantly amazed at the people who don't know about their rights," says Oppegard.

"I think miners put up with an awful lot in a lot of non-union mines before they actually refuse to perform a task. They may work on a daily basis doing a lot of things that are unsafe, cutting corners that they're expected—or required—to cut until it comes to that one day. They look, and they say, 'If I do this, I'm going to get killed, and it's not worth it.' They finally refuse to do it, and they get fired."

Miners may work on a daily basis doing a lot of things that are unsafe, until it comes to that one day. They say, 'If I do this, I'm going to get killed, and it's not worth it,' and they get fired.

Until this year Oppegard worked as the directing attorney of the Hazard office of Appalred. Now he has moved to Lexington to work full time on coal mine safety projects. While this office is a part of Appalred, the work is being funded separately through grants and attorney's fees won in settlements.

The separate funding will free the project from stringent government regulations about legal services activities. Oppegard hopes to publish a brochure to distribute to every miner in Kentucky informing them of their rights. And he'd like to set up a toll-free telephone so that miners from all over the region can easily call. He will also be able to accept cases that don't quite fit income guidelines, freeing him to represent working miners. He tells about a recent case against Leeco that illustrates why that will be important:

"Ricky Hays was an electrician, or what they call electricians in that mine, really a repairman. They had what they called a continuous haulage system. It can be two or three hundred feet long, sort of like a snake. There's an MSHA (Mine Safety and Health Administration) regulation that says equipment cannot be serviced—greased, oiled, lubricated, etc.—while it's in operation. You have to shut it down. But they were having their repairmen lubricate and service the thing while it was moving. They'd lay on top of it and stretch their arms down and grease it while it was moving. It was extremely hazardous.

"There were various points that were physically impossible to grease while it was operating. One day there was a breakdown—it had nothing to do with grease—and our client was repairing it. A supervisor came by and saw that there was a grease fitting that didn't have any grease on it. (The miner) told him it was too dangerous, but he still fired him, and fired another electrician, too.

"The foreman insisted he fired him because he was a goof-off. We were easily able to refute that. Our client had kept a log of all the work he'd done the previous month. It clearly showed he had worked hard and hadn't even taken a lunch break most days.

"This coal mine had been the runner up for the Sentinel of Safety Award in 1989, (one of the) safest coal mines in the United States, and during this time, they were having this guy greasing this piece of equipment while it was operating. This just shows what a joke the Sentinel of Safety Award is," he adds.

When the miner came to Appalred, he was unemployed and qualified for help. "After we started his safety case, he was hired by another coal company and had a good-paying job. After we won, the company filed a complaint with Legal Services Corporation against Appalred claiming we should not have been representing this miner (because his income was too high). We argued that we had an ethical obligation to continue representing him. We had to submit quite a bit of information that we were properly representing him. We were vindicated. But it was a big hassle."

While Oppegard will have more freedom to work on coal mine safety in the Mine Safety Project, he still has constraints. These have to do with extremely modest funding. His is a one-person office at present, with no support staff and not even a copier.

The move to Lexington has been a welcome one for Oppegard's family. Until now they have been beset by an employment issue that has plagued many mountain families for generations. When Oppegard's wife, Debra Schirm, was laid off from her job as a Montessori teacher at the Hindman Settlement School five years ago, she could not find another job. So she and daughters Ariana and Laura moved to Lexington, where she could find much-needed work. Oppegard only saw his family on weekends and vacations. "I'd come up to Lexington on Friday night and leave Sunday night, and I'd be in Hazard all week." The whole family felt the strain. With the birth of a son, Aaron, in January, the situation became even more difficult. The placement of the Mine Safety Project in Lexington enabled the family to be together full time again.

But the attorney doesn't see much letup in the enormous amount of time he puts in on coal mine safety—even with the recession and regulations put into effect over the past 10 years that have helped bring down the number of mining fatalities. "Right now is probably the worst the coal industry's been in 15 years. Blue Diamond just filed for bankruptcy. Shamrock laid of a couple hundred people a month or so ago. There's a lot of major coal companies that are laying off." The tight market and small mines create dangerous situations to which few miners feel they can object.

Meanwhile, most of the miners in more than 40 cases that Oppegard has taken are again working as miners. Odell Maggard, the miner who got "juiced," is an exception. He could not find another mining job. Today he drives a school bus.

Punk at Three and a Half

We got a note from his teacher
I mean, he's only three and a half

it's the sillies, she said
he's got the sillies
he won't settle down
and do his work
he's just too silly
he doesn't seem to know
what is socially unacceptable

so this is how he turned out
too silly

what is socially unacceptable,
anyway? I ask

playing in his food, she answers

interesting, I say, considering
his favorite friend is an artist
and she calls food art
and Hershey's syrup food paint

maybe he's making food art?
. . . and about his hair
maybe it would be better
if he didn't get it cut so short
it disrupts the class
the children gather 'round him
what did you do to your hair?
they ask
and they all want to touch it

oh my god
they want to touch him?

he's the one who wants it cut so short
do you think it could be
he likes being touched?

so this is how he turned out
too silly
having too much fun
and he likes to be touched

what is socially unacceptable
anyway?

—Laverne Zabielski

Laverne Zabielski is the mother of five, stepmother of four and writes every chance she gets, which is usually in 20-minute spurts. She's had work published in ***American Voice*** *and* ***Broomstick.***

Reviews

Watauga Drawdown

Poems by Don Johnson

The Overmountain Press, 1990
P.O. Box 1261
Johnson City, Tenn. 37605
$12.95 (hardback)
$8.95 (paperback)

Pat Verhulst

The poems in *Watauga Drawdown*, Don Johnson's elegy to the drowned town of Butler, Tenn., take the readers down into the lake of his dream, into the riverbed, into the mud at the bottom of the lake, into Mammoth Cave, into a coal mine. Most of the poems have their settings underground or underwater; often the protagonists are trapped underneath heavy waters or smothering mud. The inevitable associations of plunging down into dreams, memory, history and the unconscious mind are exploited with great intensity. Johnson produces unforgettable images of people trapped, people with their backs against the wall, people scrambling to save what they can while inexorable tides wash over them.

The best images in Johnson's poetry are intensely visual to the mind's eye, and they lose much of their power if they are made literally visible. Consider "Dolls at the Fish Springs Store and Filling Station," in which the owner of the remote country store collected broken baby dolls and nailed six of them to the porch roof:

> nailed up the dolls, crippled and
> half-blind
> on his crude marquee of sadness
> where they hang today.

The strength of this image for me is that I cannot explain it or explicate it without damaging it; and I think it was not a good idea to make the image into a picture for the cover of the book. It's a good picture, and it looks like the scene the poet has described; but it is too easy to see, not nearly as mysterious as the image in words on the page. This is one of the main strengths of Johnson's work for me - the images that stick in the mind, that have no literal translations.

Butler, Tenn., was buried by Watauga Lake in 1946, when the TVA built Watauga Dam. Johnson's title refers to the draining of the lake, or drawdown, in 1983, when the streets and houses and trees of Butler could be seen again, transformed by mud and water, surviving with a kind of sodden steadfastness which Johnson leads us to see as a form of revelation.

If a dam can make a lake that fills an inhabited valley, then thick brown water can become a kind of sky, and a motor-boat can slide through the lake above the town as a jet plane moves through clouds above a city. This sense of surrealistic transformation is exhilarating, but no one can escape the realization that it isn't right to bury a town under a man-made lake. A section of "1946" reflects the feeling of bewilderment, guilt, and fear in a soldier just home from World War II:

> After Europe
> he returned to a valley like the war,
> a town of cellar holes and stumps
> where yard trees, homeplace oaks and
> walnuts,
> had been lumbered.
> Farmhouses, jacked loose
> from foundations, waited like dazed
> refugees
> for trucks.
> He couldn't separate the tanks
> and half-trucks that clanked and
> back-fired
> in his dreams
> from the rumble and scrape
> of bulldozers under arc lights at the dam
> site.
>
> Roads were dust or mud.
>
> Twice he dived in the ditch
> when unscheduled charges went off on
> the bluff.

Machines making war on the land—not a new image for Appalachian poetry. Johnson's art is his ability to make two or three symbolic patterns work together, so that the building of the dam evokes the industrial noises of the war, extending the soldier's restless, hunted, homeless state. Any intelligent animal learns to fear for its life when these sounds of annihilation begin. Johnson provides brief, unforgettable visions of this fight for survival. Children salvage family treasures from the attic while their mother dies, and their father overfeeds his green, green lawn, everyone in the family determined to keep something, at least, alive ("What We Can Keep"). An old woman watches the artificial lake water rise toward her house, murmuring "Lord, what have we done?" ("Polly Hyder Waits To Be Moved"). In "Watauga Drawdown," the speaker goes down into the drained, muddy town:

> When night inundates the cove, he
> flails the dark air,
> a swimmer lost, exhausted. Each time
> he tries
> to climb the steep bank to the road he
> slides
> back, his body gouging thick troughs
> that catch
> the faint light the stars give up, and
> mock him.
>
> There is no way out in the dark.

He is trapped in mud and memory, like Floyd Collins in Crystal Cave or the coal miner who dreams of tropical sunlight while he freezes in a damp coal vein. Johnson sees the return to the muddy town of Butler as a dark night of the soul. But the mud has preserved the past; it brings back the speaker's dead father, and shows him his own lost youth, seen underwater:

> In the grainy half-light
> of water, a young boy stands on a porch
> rail,
> his white hair teased by slow current
> that fails
> to buoy him when he falls, so that his
> tongue,
> habitually wedged between his teeth, is
> half-bitten off
> on impact. When he tries to scream, a
> red cloud
> blossoms to obscure his words, dyeing
> his hair the color
> of fall sumac.

The visual scream of this boy, smothered by water, is echoed by many other images of silent pain, silent cries for survival. Finally, the mud brings illumination and rebirth, providing a thick, heavy, chilling

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Pat Verhulst teaches English at Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N.C., and frequently reviews poetry for ***Now and Then.***

baptism into the truth which is forgotten every day.

Mud, he thinks,
you come from mud, history's silt
where everything
slides.

The destruction of machines and the passage of time threaten to obliterate all recognizable life, but the mud preserves everything in the perplexing forms of dreams.

Don Johnson's illuminations are subtle and cumulative; short quotations from the poems don't do justice to their coherence. The sequence of poems in the collection is also artful and compelling, so that the feelings build up in the reader as the book unfolds.

As a teacher of poetry and an avid reader of poems, I read bushels of very forgettable poetry every year. Every once in a while a poet like Don Johnson makes me see a boy screaming blood underwater, or a man pouring lime on a lawn already too green, and I cannot forget what he has shown me. *Watauga Drawdown* is a book I'll keep and share.

Remembering Our Past, Building Our Future and *Telling Our Stories, Sharing Our Lives*

compiled and edited by Helen M. Lewis and Suzanna O'Donnell

collected and written by the Ivanhoe History Project of the Ivanhoe Civic League

Box 201
Ivanhoe, Va. 24350
Vol. 1 - $25, Vol. 2 - $15

Kristin Layng Szakos

Ivanhoe, Va., is a small place, a not-particularly-significant dot on the American landscape. And yet, like many small towns, it is more than that: it is a microcosm of events that have shaped the nation in the past two centuries. The history of Ivanhoe is a story of industrialization and subsequent deindustrialization, of economic and social change and the effects they have on the lives of the people there.

In the same way, two volumes of oral histories recently published by residents of Ivanhoe can be seen either as a local history of interest only to local families, or as an eyewitness report of some of the universal effects of change.

Ivanhoe is a small, rural community along the New River in Southwest Virginia. Originally a farming region, Ivanhoe grew as first lead mining and later carbide, iron ore and zinc mining provided jobs to its people. Later, as major industries turned from iron to steel for much of their construction, the economic backbone of Ivanhoe began to crumble. After a brief resurgence as the market for iron rose during World War II, Ivanhoe industry began to close down, leaving the once-booming community without any industrial jobs.

Remembering Our Past, Building Our Future and *Telling Our Stories, Sharing Our Lives* tell the history of Ivanhoe in the words of the people who have lived it. Volume One is a narrative history based both on interviews with residents and on extensive research by members of the Ivanhoe History Project. It contains a wealth of photographs that make the history come alive. Volume Two is a collection of largely un-edited oral histories, interviews on which much of Volume One is based.

The books are the project of the Ivanhoe Civic League, a grass roots group formed in 1986 to revitalize their dying town. Begun as a small-scale effort to record some of the history of the community through oral histories, the project grew into a major publishing production. The result, the two-volume set, was the 1990 winner of the prestigious W.D. Weatherford Award for Appalachian literature awarded each year by the Berea College Appalachian Center.

"We didn't expect it to be this big a project," said Helen Lewis of Highlander Center, who worked with the group and co-edited the books. "But people in the community got real excited about it, and it just seemed to grow. After they collected the oral histories, it just seemed the thing to do to compile them into some kind of narrative."

The group also developed a drama based on the oral histories, and presented it in the community last summer.

The two volumes are not a polished history text, and some of the writing style is inconsistent and choppy. But the value of the information, and even more, the value of the participatory nature of the project, make them worth reading by anyone interested in the history of regular people and their lives in Appalachia.

Kristin Layng Szakos is the editor of the ***Appalachian Reader****, a news quarterly of citizens organizing in the region. She lives in Banner, Ky.*

The town grew up around the mines; and you had at one time five doctors, a drug store, undertaker, hardware store; Mrs. Speer had a big store where the Odd Fellows lodge is—that building was built for an office. There were two hotels there. There were one or two boarding houses. They had the Opera House, the band room: they had their own band and they tried to bring some class in.

—A memory of Ivanhoe's more prosperous past in an interview in ***Remembering Our Past, Building Our Future***

Reviews

Blossom, Stalk & Vine

by Judy Odom

Iris Press, 1990
P.O. Box 18408
Memphis, Tenn. 38181
$8.95 (paperback)

Robert J. Higgs

The poems in this remarkable volume cling to the imagination like the vine in the title. Although rooted in the poet's personal experience, they are at the same time deeply interpersonal. They are poems of kin and kindness, a bouquet of relationships between parent and child, teacher and student, friend and friend, the poem and readers, and the poet and the natural world. The ampersand, which serves as logo for the three sections, is the perfect choice, for a sense of "and-ness" abounds throughout. Here, in fact, is an illustration in verse of what Martin Buber meant by "I and Thou," namely that "I-you can only be spoken with one's whole being." *Blossom, Stalk & Vine* ("the whole being") is the type of book Walter Kaufman describes in his introduction to Buber's classic. "A good book or essay or poem is not primarily an object to be put to use, or an object of experience: it is the voice of you speaking to me, requiring a response." There are plenty of objects in these poems, but the objects themselves become imbued with personal significance, links of love like the "little china teapot" passed between mothers and daughters across generations. Like Emily Dickinson, Judy Odom notices smaller things and sets them to the music of words, making us at once see and feel. Her focus is on those particular moments when we either die inside or grow. We don't know why a girl is crying at the senior prom, but we share in her sorrow as she, behind closed door, tries to shield herself against the "roaring / darkness of guitars" and "the lightning slash / of one blue saxophone." We don't know why a boy is to be dropped from the school rolls, but he is permanently enrolled in our memory "against the window" while with "careful hands" "he nudged / a butterfly / toward freedom." Teachers especially should read this book, but so should anyone who wants to gain wisdom, to become a responding I. Here is a fine first harvest that promises continued abundance in future yields.

Robert J. Higgs co-edited the anthology of Appalachian writing, ***Voices from the Hills****.*

Fat Monroe

directed by Andrew Garrison

15 minutes, 1990

Mountain Vision

directed by Susi Wehling

28.5 minutes, 1991

Open Windows

directed by Anne Johnson

28.5 minutes, 1991
Appalshop
306 Madison Street, Box 743
Whitesburg, Ky. 41858
$150 each videocassette
$50 rental. *Fat Monroe* also available in 16mm film for $300

Rita Sims Quillen

Three new films from Appalshop, the dynamic media collective headquartered in Whitesburg, Ky., are important additions to any educational institution's Appalachian collection. However, the adaptation of Gurney Norman's short story of *Fat Monroe* is the only polished film of the three.

As Wilgus Collier meets Fat Monroe on his way home from the Saturday morning cowboy movie, we watch the boy learn one of the little lessons life can teach us on warm, aimless childhood Saturdays. In an engaging, at times hilarious, performance, Ned Beatty (Fat Monroe) teaches Wilgus that adults can lie, tease, be cruel, use children for amusement. In scene after beautifully framed scene—from the opening moments of Wilgus watching the cowboy heroes to the frame of Wilgus sitting in the truck realizing the dirty trick played on him—we are captivated by these characters, this little, but important story. There is a striking contrast between the innocent, romanticized purity of those Saturday morning Westerns Wilgus watches and the real world he lives in, where he walks home across slag heaps and catches a ride with a scraggly old man who berates Wilgus and Wilgus' family in a cruel way, just for a laugh. The film has been criticized by some who say it portrays negative stereotypes of mountain people, but this is unjustified. The story is a realistic portrayal; reality in Appalachian stories cannot be comprised of only saints and heroes. That would be a self-serving lie bigger than the one Fat Monroe tells.

Unfortunately, the two other films by Appalshop do not show the careful thought and craftsmanship found in *Fat Monroe*. *Open Windows* and *Mountain Visions* are montages highlighting the good work of Appalshop itself. *Open Windows* presents highlights from the American Festival of Music, Drama and Dance held at Whitesburg and surrounding communities last year. Black, Jewish, Chicano and Appalachian people presented a variety of performances arising out their cultural experiences, and the film is full of warm, engaging moments of interaction between these artists and school children. *Mountain Vision* concerns "homegrown" television in Eastern Kentucky, from little community based, one-camera operations, to Virgil Q. Wacks Variety Hour and the old Renfro Valley Music Shows, to Appalshop's own television station. Both films suffer, from an educational standpoint, from a lack of coherence, overall design. Appalshop films have always allowed the story to tell itself, in a way, and that's been the beauty of so many of their films. But a story does not tell itself by accident, without prompting. There must be an editor, standing back asking the questions the uninformed audience might ask, and putting the needed answers in the film. Though both films present interesting information, they suffer from a lack of awareness of audience.

Rita Sims Quillen's study of contemporary Appalachian poetry, ***Looking for Native Ground****, was published by Appalachian Consortium Press.*

Reviews

Appalachian Frontiers: Settlement, Society & Development in the Preindustrial Era

edited by Robert D. Mitchell

The University Press of Kentucky
Lexington, 1991
$43.00 (hardcover)

Richard Blaustein

Appalachian Frontiers is an important new collection of 15 original essays dealing with diverse aspects of early Appalachian history in the 18th and early 19th centuries. Revisionist in orientation, these tightly focused studies reconsider specific facets of the region's formative experiences. The composite portrait of the Southern highlands which emerges from this book is much more dynamic and varied than the simple, pastoral, preindustrial Appalachia most of us, including regional historians, have accepted at face value. To quote Robert D. Mitchell: "The Appalachians before the 1880s have been stereotyped by romanticized notions of isolated, rural, homogeneous populations relatively untouched or even bypassed by the mainstream of American life. The historical reality, however, as revealed in these essays, is one of considerable complexity and diversity."

Instead of the familiar "frozen frontier" inhabited by "contemporary ancestors," Appalachia is portrayed as a *prolonged* frontier within which different sections and socioeconomic groups developed unevenly. Settled a century later than the coastal colonies, the mountainous southern backcountry experienced successive waves of migration and expansion, generating divisive political and economic tensions between settlers drawn from various ethnic and regional backgrounds. A critical distinction is drawn between easterly "Old Appalachia," centered in the valley and ridge system of the Appalachian range, which was settled earlier and rapidly developed its own indigenous urban and commercial centers, and the more recently and sparsely settled "New Appalachia" on the plateau to the west, which bore the brunt of the industrial exploitation of its coal and timber in the 1880s and thereafter. Even here in the coal and timber country of "New Appalachia," we do not find a classless, self-sufficient agrarian society "waiting passively for an external economic stimulus to carry them into the modern age," as the editor claims. Rather, as case studies by Mary Beth Pudup, Tyrel Moore and Paul Salstrom seek to demonstrate, inequalities in wealth and social status had emerged in this predominantly rural section of Appalachia long before the industrial boom of the late 19th century.

The basic questions in Appalachian history, like American history in general, must therefore be couched in pluralistic terms. Ethnic conflicts, anti-authoritarianism and religious dissent, ideological and economic disharmony between slave-owning planters and free-holding yeoman farmers on the southern frontier, as well as sectional tensions between the Eastern Seaboard and the early American backcountry, are all features of a diversified, distinctively Appalachian regional society that emerged by the time of the American Revolution. Yet the region never succeeded in asserting its political sovereignty and economic autonomy.

The centenary of Frederick Jackson Turner's classic lecture, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," will be celebrated in 1993. It is fascinating to examine the implications of *Appalachian Frontiers* in light of Turner's ideas concerning the roles of the frontier experience and sectionalism in shaping the unique character of American society. Turner's notion of a succession of American frontiers characterized by varying patterns of economic exploitation has been fruitfully reapplied to Appalachia. So has his concern with differences in the ethnic backgrounds of settlers in various sections of early America. Turner's assertion that the southern backcountry was basically an extension of Pennsylvania is supported by Kenneth W. Keller's exhaustive and authoritative assessment of the impact of Scotch-Irish migration and by two articles by Sally Schwartz and Elizabeth A. Kessel dealing with Palatine German settlers on the southern frontier. While the Scotch-Irish element in the population of Appalachia has long been of intense interest to regional historians, it is refreshing to see so much attention given to the Germans, whose contributions to Appalachian society and culture have been less obvious but nonetheless significant.

Turner's conception of a "Greater Pennsylvania" becomes germane to reconsiderations of Appalachia's position within the Border South and its ambiguous involvement in the Civil War, especially when we reflect upon the abolitionist position of the German Anabaptists in America and their affinities with British-American anti-slavery activists, particularly the Quakers. Likewise, Turner's four-region model of colonial America, including the North, the Middle Colonies, the Lowland South and the Backcountry, which advances the concept of a socially and culturally distinct Appalachia, has regained intellectual currency as the fourfold framework of David Hackett Fischer's widely read and hotly debated *Albion's Seed* (1989).

An undeniably important contribution to literature in this field, *Appalachian Frontiers* provides a fresh supply of fuel to fire discussions of Appalachian social and cultural history. Its pluralistic focus provides a sorely needed corrective to simplistic views of this region. Instead of talking about *the* Appalachian family and *the* Appalachian community, we ought to be thinking about the varieties of family and community patterns co-existing within Appalachian society as a whole.

This is costly fuel for discussion, though. At a time when academic budgets, including library acquisition funds, are being slashed to the bone, $43 for a 360-page book, even one as intellectually stimulating and carefully produced as *Appalachian Frontiers*, seems like an awful lot of money. It is hard to imagine that many students—or libraries—will be able to afford it. This is a pity, because *Appalachian Frontiers* really does blaze new trails in American regional history. I hope it will find the readership it deserves.

Richard Blaustein is a folklorist and director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University.

Reviews

Coal, Class, and Color: Blacks in Southern West Virginia, 1915-32

by Joe William Trotter Jr.

University of Illinois Press
Urbana, 1990
$ 44.95 (hardcover)
$14.95 (paperback)

Norma Myers

Prior to the acceptance of research methods associated with social history, studies of the American past were largely of the privileged and by the privileged. Local and regional history was left to local historical societies or the antiquarian with little consideration for the broader context in which local events took place. With the advent of the new social history, minority and working class studies based in particular locales became recognized as valuable tools for understanding the past. One such work of interest to the Appalachian scholar is *Coal, Class, and Color*.

In this book Joe William Trotter Jr. focuses on the black community in the nine West Virginia counties of Kanawha, Boone, Fayette, Logan, Wyoming, Raleigh, McDowell, Mingo and Mercer during the time that the state was performing at its peak as a coal producer. Trotter draws information from a variety of sources including government documents, newspapers, manuscripts and interviews.

The book is divided into four sections. Section 1 focuses on the migration of blacks to the region in search of work in the mines following Reconstruction and prior to World War I. These chapters examine the impact of the the black proletariat on the coal mining towns that were developing. Section 2 examines in more detail the effects of industrialization and the patterns of black migration. This section also explores the black miners' response to the increasing racial and class discrimination in the coal mining industry. In Section 3, Trotter analyzes the connection between the growth of the black working class and the increasing inequality between blacks and whites in these West Virginia communities. He reviews the conditions for blacks with regard to education and social services. The last section concentrates on the interaction between the black working class, middle class and elite in the development of black institutions and black consciousness during this period. The author discusses the role of religious, fraternal and political organizations in the black community as part of an effort to provide insight into the history of black life in West Virginia. He also presents statistics regarding the numbers of black miners performing particular tasks.

The study also covers expansion of political and civil rights activities in the years following World War I and the Great Depression. Trotter examines the conflicts which arose from and the alliances which formed across lines of race, class and gender. The social and economic conditions for blacks in the coal mining areas of West Virginia are compared against those of rural blacks in the South and black industrial workers in the northern cities.

Trotter presents a Marxist interpretation of the black experience in the coal mining region of Southern West Virginia. He explains the transformation of the black community in West Virginia from one that had a semi-rural and agricultural basis to an industrial existence dominated by coal mining as proletarianization. But because of race issues, the Marxist framework and terminology do not completely fit the class conflict model. To his credit Trotter sees a more complicated picture.

While Trotter's book at times seems disjointed and tedious with repeated anecdotes from black miners interwoven with detailed statistics, it is thoroughly researched. *Coal, Class, and Color* provides the reader with a broad view of black life in the coal mining communities of West Virginia between 1915 and 1932. It is Trotter's efforts to present the whole story in this book that deserves the most praise. If nothing else is gained, the reader will understand that the black experience in West Virginia cannot be explained simplistically with references to the oppression of coal companies or the injustice of racial discrimination. Certainly such factors influence the development of the black community, but Trotter introduces the reader to the complicated interaction of race, region, class and gender in the shaping of the black experience and to the role of the black proletariat as the foundation for the black community.

Norma Myers is head of archives and special collections at East Tennessee State University.

shadows at barn

You boys there.
I believe it's a little late to be borrowing gas from my tank.
It's a little too dark for you boys to be out there tripping round.
You're liable to run into my bull or somebody's pitchfork.
Now, I don't rightly think I can see you boys well enough to know who you are.
But Tommy, you and your brother better take your truck and go.
Ethelene done called the sheriff, and he's liable to be here any time.

—David Graham

David Graham is a teacher in Warren County, Tenn. He contributed a poem to ***Now and Then's*** *"Urban Appalachian" issue.*

Reviews

NEW BOOKS FOR NEW READERS

Kentucky Folklore
by R. Gerald Alvey

Women Who Made a Difference
by Carol Crowe-Carraco

Why Work?
by Judi Jennings

History Mysteries
by James C. Klotter

Choices
by George Ella Lyon

University Press of Kentucky
Lexington, 1989
$3.95 each (paperback)

Charles F. Moore

These five short books explore a variety of topics designed to appeal to adults who are learning to read. The regional focus gives them an immediacy and relevance that make them a good learning tool in a field with little interesting, accessible literature. Written by Kentucky authors who worked with teachers and students in adult literacy programs, all the works use crisp words and short sentences. But the books range widely in style and content, and they achieve varying degrees of success in presenting their material in a manner sophisticated enough for adults.

Perhaps the most successful is *Choices,* the only book of fiction in the series. The 13 short stories by playwright and children's author George Ella Lyon are told in first person narratives. The tellers ponder large and small choices in their lives: A high school boy wants to continue working at the local cafe after he graduates from high school. A woman recollects how she tested the color barrier of the all-white "Belle Notes" in a newly integrated high school. A truck driver offers a tribute to his truck: "No sir, you can't ask for a better friend than a truck. It's hard working, faithful. Don't get fleas unless you let your dog sleep in it. Don't cause stray trucks to hang around. And if you do park it next to a bunch of trucks down at the store, it won't crawl in your closet and give you pups." Lyon is an ideal author for books for new readers; her style is clear, simple, witty and thoughtful. *Choices* will give readers a feel for the real joys of reading—knowing, understanding and identifying with characters.

Another effective volume is *Women Who Made a Difference,* about nine Kentucky women both renowned and little known, from country singer Loretta Lynn to Frontier Nursing Service founder Mary Breckinridge to slave Malinda Gatewood Bibb and pioneer Jenny Wiley. Carol Crowe-Carraco, professor of history at Western Kentucky University, compiled these short biographies as compelling portraits of courage and fortitude, strongly affirming women's worth and rights.

History Mysteries recounts four unsolved mysteries from Kentucky's past: the disappearance of frontiersman and Harrodsburg, Ky., founder, James Harrod, the death of the Shawnee chief Tecumseh, the disappearance of "Honest Dick" Tate, and the murder of maverick lawyer, acquitted duelist and political power broker William Goebel. After presenting clear, well-written stories of these men's lives and then providing speculations that various people have put forth, Kentucky State Historian James Klotter encourages the reader to attempt their own solutions.

In *Kentucky Folklore* University of Kentucky professor of English Gerald Alvey draws on his background as an instructor in folklore and folklife to introduce the reader to the concepts of elite, popular and folk culture. The book is full of familiar Kentucky speech, proverbs, riddles, rhymes, superstitions, songs and folktales. While the many well-known poems, jokes and sayings might provide useful prompts for a new reader, the dialect in which they are written creates built-in problems. More interesting and original—and probably less confusing to a new reader—is the comparison of the well-known hymn, "Precious Memories," to a song using the same melody, Aunt Molly Jackson's fiery coal mine organizing song, "Dreadful Memories."

In *Why Work?* Judi Jennings of Whitesburg, Ky., begins with a history of work from earliest time and then investigates the many meanings of the word "work." Unfortunately, she often slips into a style that is not challenging to adult readers: "Let's call time out on work. Let's take a break. Let's think about play." She nearly redeems herself with stories from local adult literacy classes: "What I, Aggie Fink, do for a living is something you read about earlier, prehistoric people sewing skins and furs together to make their clothes. I am a seamstress . . ." However, the frequent use of exclamation points, patronizing questions ("Do you like to figure out new ways to do things?") and describing Greeks who "fussed and fought" insult the dignity of new adult readers.

While the quality of writing is not consistent in this series, on the whole, these works will be a useful addition to literacy programs. Even though this series concentrates on Kentucky, any reader, especially in Appalachia, will enjoy them. However, I question the need for extra leading, which makes the text appear almost "large type." This technique of extra leading is popular with other publishers for new readers, but it's like shouting in English to a foreigner. The target audience might not be expert readers, but they're not blind. In addition, smaller font sizes used in the forwards, acknowledgments and author credits give the impression the publisher assumed that these sections would only be of interest or understandable to the teachers.

University Press of Kentucky is to be commended for taking the step into this arena, as literacy programs need support from publishers. Support was also provided by the Kentucky Humanities Council, the National Endowment for the Humanities and the *Kentucky Post.*

Charles F. Moore tutors new adult readers and is studying for a master's in English at East Tennessee State University.

Music

This issue features the writing talents of Kate Long. Kate was born in Oak Hill, W. Va., and presently works and writes in Charleston, W. Va. She says, "For 17 years, I've written songs and filed them in the drawer. I'd sing them on occasion, and write down words for people who asked. Friends finally convinced me to bring my songs out." One of those songs is "Who'll Watch the Homeplace?"

Kate Long says she was inspired to write this song when she passed a for sale sign on a little farm in West Virginia. She couldn't help but wonder if whoever bought this beautiful place would love and take care of it like its previous owners had.

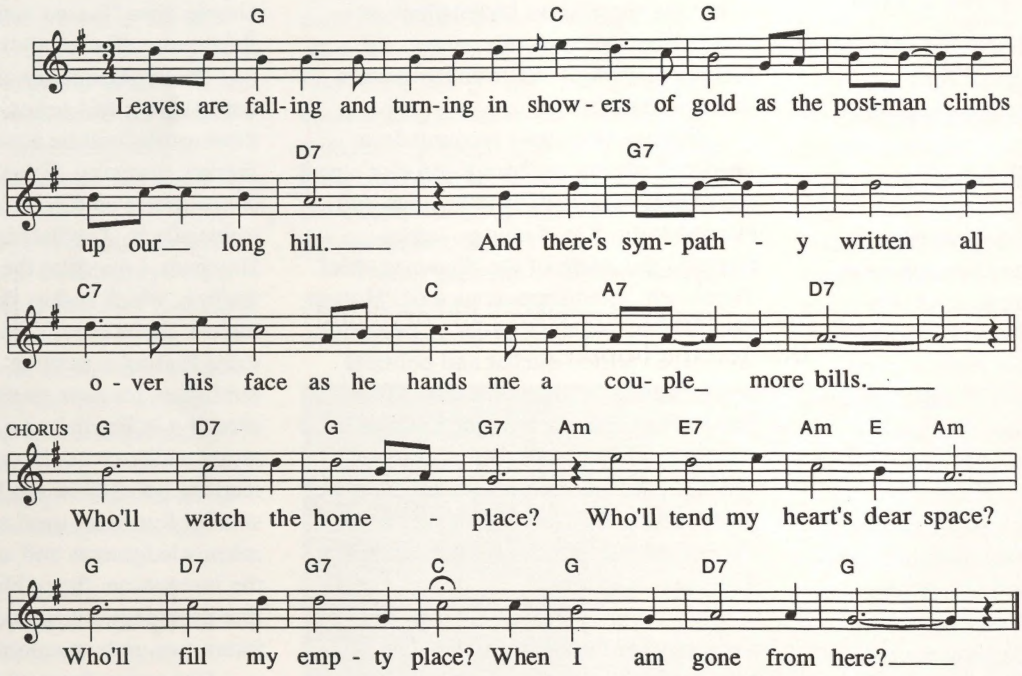
"Who'll Watch the Homeplace?" is recorded on Kate Long's cassette, "Pieces of Heart." Released in 1989 it features "Little Girl God," "Go Try and Dump It," "Brain Scramble" and nine other original songs.

— Ed Snodderly

Archives of Appalachia, East Tennessee State University

Kate Long

Who'll Watch the Homeplace?


G C G
Leaves are fall-ing and turn-ing in show-ers of gold as the post-man climbs
D7 G7
up our long hill. And there's sym-path-y written all
C7 C A7 D7
o-ver his face as he hands me a cou-ple more bills.
CHORUS G D7 G G7 Am E7 Am E Am
Who'll watch the home-place? Who'll tend my heart's dear space?
G D7 G7 C G D7 G
Who'll fill my emp-ty place? When I am gone from here?

2.
There's a lovely green nook by a clear running stream
It was my place when I was quite small.
And its creatures and sounds could soothe my worst pains,
But today, they don't ease me at all.

3.
In my grandfather's shed, there are hundreds of tools.
I know them by feel and by name.
Like parts of my body, they've patched this old place.
When I move them, they won't be the same.

4.
Now I wander around, touching each blessed thing,
The chimney, the tables, the trees.
And the memories swirl round me like birds on the wing.
When I leave here, oh, who will I be?

"Pieces of Heart" can be ordered from Kate Long, 101 Ruffner Ave., Charleston, W. Va. 25301. Tapes are $10.

Mill on the Pond

Time shines a bar
across corn dust and us.
The miller with 20/200 sight
can't see water below,
only light in the dusk-hung darkness,
glinting in the mirror.
A red enameled hopper
feeds corn between stones.
Their thunder
shakes the building once steady
as an axis. Belts pull power
from the pond, throw it through.
And the miller plies his trade,
tells his tale, his little life,
to the relentless stones,
to sacks slump in the corner,
a silent congregation.
His kernels sift like triangle coins.

We leave in dim falling light,
fast on evening's feet. He'd talked
the legs off the afternoon.
"You all come back," he says
"Just to talk." He waves the dry hand
that fed the hopper.

Truth was, we hadn't talked at all,
only listened. You saw the crazy quilt
pattern of leaves, orange, yellow, brown
on the black water, painted it in your mind.
I wrote this poem. We baked bread
and the miller's story rose.
Still rises.

Ruth Moose

Ken Murray, Courtesy of Archives of Appalachia

Gully Family Reunion, Campbell County, Tenn., 1980.

NOW AND THEN

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